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IS EINSTEIN WRONG?—A DEBATE

I — THE ERRORS OF EINSTEIN

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A PROFESSOR of Celestial Mechanics maintains that Einstein's theory of relativity has not been proved, unless we accept on faith the special pleadings and assumptions of his followers. He calls attention to the wide divergence between stellar positions predicted by Einstein and the actual positions observed at the time of solar eclipses, and he argues that Newton's conclusions can be equally well vindicated if Newtonians permit themselves similar liberties in explaining away embarrassing facts.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON enunciated the law of gravitation, the law of universal attraction of particle for particle, of body for body and from that law developed a theory, or law of motion, of the heavenly bodies. Einstein has developed a similar law of motion, in which, however, gravitation, or attraction, plays no part, for the basic principle of the generalized relativity theory is a denial of gravitation. Einstein denies the existence of such a force: according to his theory there is no force of attraction between the earth and the moon; no force caused the fabled apple to fall upon the head of Newton.

Newton's law of gravitation can be stated in a few simple sentences, and its essentials can be made clear to the average reader. The theory of Einstein, upon which he bases his law of motion, is, on the contrary, complicated in the extreme: it cannot be expressed in words. It is impossible to read the works of Einstein and his followers and from their words and phrases to know what they really mean; the actual meaning of the relativity theory is concealed in complicated mathematical symbols and intricate formulas that are far beyond the comprehension of the

trained engineer. The Newtonian law can be expressed as simply as the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal"; the Einstein theory is as complicated and involved as a tariff bill, with all the rulings of the Board of Appraisers and the interpretations of the officials of the Treasury Department.

In place of gravitation, in place of the attraction of one body for another, Einstein substitutes a transcendental conception of warped space and of geodesic lines along which a body freely rolls. The sun does not attract the earth, it crumples up space, twists and warps space in some mystic fourth and even fifth dimension, and the earth, carried by its own inertia, wends its way along the easiest path amid the bumps and hollows of crushed and crumpled space. And in this four-dimensional space the ordinary laws of geometry do not apply; space has become non-Euclidean and the area of a square varies as it is transported from place to place. The formulas and methods of geometry and of engineering to which we are accustomed hold only for the earth; the inhabitants of Mars, if any there be, have a different geometry and different formulas to solve their engineering problems.

From this unbelievably intricate and transcendental conception Einstein deduces a law of motion for the planets about the sun; and this law of motion apparently differs from Newton's law of motion by a single very minute term. And this little term seems to fit into a kink in Mercury's orbit, and to explain or account for certain observed motions of that planet. But, in deducing his law of motion, in traversing the complicated maze of mathematics, the relativist meets difficulty after difficulty, and somehow surmounts them all. For each new difficulty some new mathematical device is evolved, and many of these devices are so intricate and complicated that it is extremely difficult to follow them through all their ramifications. Some of these devices seem to be ordinary approximations, but are called by Einstein substitutions, or transformations of coördinates. One such transformation, or approximation, which is used in many portions of the theory, involves the method of measuring the distance between two particles of matter. Instead of using the exact distance between the centres of such particles, the relativist adds a small, a very small factor to this distance; and, in his formulas, uses this modified distance as if it were the true distance between the

bodies. In ordinary terms this would be called an approximation, and any result derived therefrom would be termed approximate. But to the Einsteinian such a procedure is a transformation and the result is called exact.

Further, the relativity conception of time differs from that of classical mechanics. From the earliest days of scientific thought, time has been regarded as independent of every one and everything; the same for all portions of space, for all bodies, whether in motion or at rest: a minute is a minute the world around and everywhere in space. But this identity of time is denied by Einstein: according to the relativity theory time depends upon motion, and the interval of time, known to us as a minute, varies from place to place; it is different for a person at rest and for an aviator. Thus each planet has its own particular system of relativity, or "proper" time, and even this special time changes as the planet changes its speed in different portions of its orbit.

Thus the formula, or law of motion, as deduced by the Einsteinians, does not represent the motion of a planet about the sun in the ordinary astronomical units of distance and of time. It represents that motion in a special system, in the relativity system of time or coördinates. Now it can readily be shown that this Einstein formula of motion, this formula which has aptly been called the essence of the relativity theory, can be derived directly from the Newtonian formula by merely changing the system in which the motion is measured, by changing from the astronomical to the relativity method of measuring time. By omitting the special, or approximate systems of measurement and using the ordinary astronomical measures of time and distance, the Einstein formula becomes identical with that of Newton: on the other hand, if in the Newtonian formula the relativity system of measurement be used, then this formula becomes identical with Einstein's. The two formulas thus apparently represent the same motion of a planet, but give that motion in different units; just as a stated amount of gold may be expressed as so many francs, or so many dollars.

Yet this formula of motion, this formula which can be derived from that of Newton by a simple change in the method of measuring time or distance, is used by Einstein as proof conclusive of his theory. And this so-called proof depends upon certain minute

and little understood motions of the planet Mercury. This planet is exceedingly difficult to observe; its motions are rapid and it is never far from the glare of the sun. Its path is not a simple curve: the large planets, — Venus, the earth, and Jupiter, — pull and haul at it, and under these "pulls" Mercury writhes and squirms along a difficult and tortuous path. Leverrier calculated the effects of the various pulls of the six larger planets upon unfortunate Mercury, and found that these pulls do not fully account for all the writhings of Mercury's orbit.

He found a very slight discrepancy: he found that some other force, some other very minute pull was affecting the motions of Mercury. And this discrepancy in the motions of Mercury consists of a combination of two small "wabbles," one of which is the celebrated motion of the perihelion, or rotation of the orbit in space. But the motion detected by Leverrier is not a simple motion of the perihelion; it is a combination effect, a combination which Leverrier himself could not disentangle into its separate parts. Within limits any value could be assigned to the perihelial motion, and to each such value there would be a definite wobble of the eccentricity. Leverrier gave, however, 38 seconds of arc per century as the most probable motion of the perihelion, which corresponds to a very small change in the eccentricity. Some years later, in 1895, Simon Newcomb confirmed these general results of Leverrier; but he made the motion of the perihelion slightly larger and the change in the eccentricity correspondingly smaller, and at the same time he found several other small discrepancies, or wabbles, in the motions of Mercury and in the motions of other planets as well.

When Leverrier discovered these erratic motions of Mercury in 1859, he showed clearly that they can be explained and accounted for by the presence of an undiscovered planet, or of scattered masses of matter, between Mercury and the sun. While no large planet has ever been found in that locality, yet masses of scattered matter are now known to be in the very places that Leverrier predicted, for such matter has been seen and portions of it photographed many times. But the exact quantity of such scattered matter is not known; no method has been devised for accurately measuring it: so that it cannot be said with mathematical certainty that this matter will fully and completely

account for the slight erratic motions of Mercury and of the other planets.

Now Einstein shows that his formula apparently gives a motion of 43 seconds of arc per century to the perihelion of Mercury and he stresses the approximate coincidence of this figure with the 38 or 41 seconds of actual motion as found by Leverrier and Newcomb. But in calculating this 43 seconds Einstein uses his formula as though it gives the motions of the planets in ordinary astronomical time. He apparently overlooks the fact that his variable, hypothetical relativity time, the time to which his equations apply, differs from the ordinary time of astronomy, and that a century of mystic Mercurial time will not be one hundred years of earthly time; overlooks the fact that in these different periods of time Mercury will travel different distances in its orbit. He bases his theories and his equations upon a denial of uniform time and of constant time intervals, yet uses this very time in applying his equation to the motion of the planets. Is not the celebrated 43 seconds of Einstein a mere mathematical illusion due to the use of an approximate, or mystical system of time in the relativity equations? Have not the relativitists gone astray in the astronomical interpretation of their formulas?

Further, the Einsteinians stress this one apparent coincidence of figures and disregard everything else. Einstein claims to explain this one anomalous motion of Mercury, but he fails to account for the other discrepancies in the solar system. And to cover this failure, he disregards Leverrier's statement that the motion of the perihelion is not independent, but is bound up with a change in the eccentricity; he ignores completely Newcomb's statement that there are several other discrepancies to be explained. Einstein repeatedly asserts, in varying phrases, that "The perihelial motion of Mercury is the sole anomalous one in our planetary system, which has been sufficiently attested." And his followers and the writers of popular science repeat these assertions; they focus the attention of the world upon the one coincidence of figures and do not submit the relativity equation to any actual test.

The second astronomical test of the relativity theory as set forth by Einstein is the bending of light rays as they pass near the edge of the sun. And in regard to this test there is much popu-

lar misconception, — misconception based upon the assertions of the too ardent supporters of the theory. Einstein has been credited as being the first to conceive the idea that light may be deflected, or bent from its straight path by the action of the sun, — has been eulogized as having predicted the existence of a hitherto undreamt of phenomenon. Yet Sir Isaac Newton certainly suspected that bodies might act upon light at a distance, and by their action bend its rays. And in 1801 von Soldner computed, upon the corpuscular theory of light, the path of a ray about the sun and the apparent bending, or deflection, in such a ray as seen from the earth. Under this corpuscular theory a ray of light consists of a group, or swarm of infinitely small particles of matter shot forth from the luminous source, particles which would be attracted by the sun, the earth, and the planets in identically the same way as the sun and the planets attract one another. This bending, as calculated by von Soldner, is what is now known as the “Newtonian” deflection. If the Newtonian, or corpuscular, theory of light be true, then all rays of light, grazing the edge of the sun, will appear to be bent, or deflected, from their straight paths by 0.87 seconds of arc.

But with the passing of the years experiments were made which could not be explained or accounted for by this materialistic theory, and it was finally and definitely supplanted by the wave, or undulatory, theory of light. This latter theory has become firmly established as one of the fundamental theories, or concepts of modern science. While light is known to be an electromagnetic phenomenon and to be propagated through space in the form of waves, it is not definitely known what effect the presence of a great mass of gravitating luminous and magnetic matter would have upon the path of a ray. Whether, under the modern theories, a ray would or would not be bent in passing close to the sun is not definitely known.

So there is really little that is new in Einstein’s prediction. It appears to be a revival of a century-old idea, dressed in a somewhat novel form. The principle of equivalence is used to reconcile differences between the corpuscular and wave theories of light. The wave theory is apparently accepted, but, under the principle of equivalence, the track of a ray “agrees with that of a material particle moving with the speed of light.” And in this way the

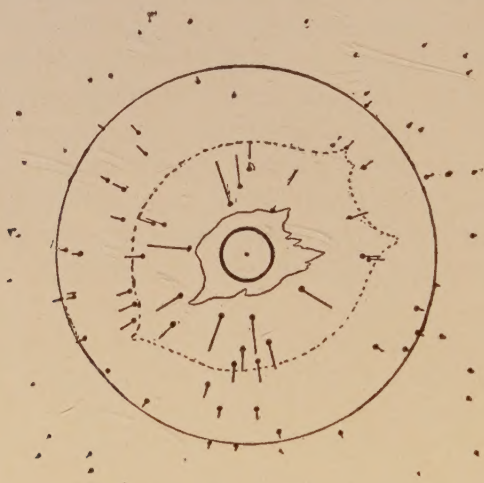
effects of both theories are obtained: the experiments, which cannot be accounted for by the corpuscular theory, are deftly explained by the fact that light is a progression of waves, and the bending, or deflection of the rays is computed by the corpuscular theory. Somewhere, however, in the computations under the principle of equivalence, Einstein introduces a factor 2 and makes the deflection 1.75 seconds instead of the 0.87 seconds of the simple corpuscular theory.

What is new in the Einstein prediction, therefore, is the figure 1.75 seconds of arc. But recent investigations seem to throw some doubt upon the validity of Einstein's calculations, and indicate that, even under his own fundamental formulas and statements, the figure should be 0.87. There are certainly contradictions and discrepancies in the methods used by the relativitists to arrive at the figure 1.75 seconds; but they cling to this figure, and claim that, if such a deflection be observed, it will completely prove the entire relativity theory and the correctness of all the mathematical processes.

To test this prediction or contention of Einstein, several expeditions have been made to observe eclipses of the sun. The most noted are that of the British astronomers in 1919 and that of the Lick Observatory party to Australia in 1922. The observation is extremely difficult, and the whole matter is complicated by the fact that there are several simple physical causes (other than relativity, or the corpuscular theory) that may cause a bending in a ray of light.

In its passage from a distant star to the telescope in Australia or Mexico, the ray of light passes through the atmosphere of the sun, it passes through the atmosphere of the earth. In the former it may be bent, in the latter it certainly is bent out of its straight path. Everyone is familiar with the effects of refraction. Whenever a ray of light passes from one medium to another, from air to glass, or from air to water, it is bent out of its straight path. Upon this fact are constructed telescopes, prisms, and eye-glasses. Under ordinary conditions the amount of refraction suffered by a star ray in our atmosphere can be accurately computed and allowed for. It is usually many times greater than the minute quantity predicted by Einstein, sometimes many hundreds of times larger; and this atmospheric refraction, or bending, changes

very markedly with changes in the temperature of the air. When, in an eclipse, the sun disappears behind the moon it ceases for the moment to warm the air, and the temperature of our atmosphere drops suddenly. With this change in temperature the amount of the refraction changes, and the star appears to change its position. And no thermometer can record these sudden changes, no computation can take account of the abnormal and unknown changes in refraction caused by the eclipse shadow.



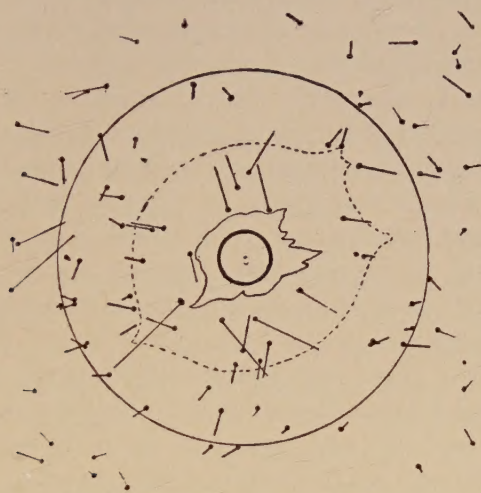
I—THE EINSTEIN PREDICTION

This figure shows the theoretical, or predicted Einstein displacements of 92 stars, magnified 2160 times.

These purely physical causes operate to bend a ray of light, and to bend it in a way very similar to that of the Einstein effect. So that it is really a very hard matter to disentangle one effect from another, and to say whether a definite bending, measured at an eclipse, is, in fact, due to the Einstein effect, or to one or more of the other causes. This disentanglement, however, is effected very simply by the relativist, who denies the possibility of any such physical causes and claims that any observed deflection is conclusive proof of the Einstein theory.

In April, 1923, Professor W. W. Campbell announced that photographs, made in Australia by the Lick Observatory party at the eclipse of 1922, showed the deflection to be 1.72 seconds of

arc, agreeing almost exactly with the Einstein prediction of 1.75 seconds. This announcement was featured in the daily press and in all magazines and periodicals devoted to popular science, and was everywhere hailed as giving "the final stamp of experimental verification" to the Einstein theory. Yet less than three months later, Professor Campbell in an official publication of the Lick Observatory speaks of this as a "preliminary announcement" and gives the more probable figure as 2.05 seconds of arc,



II — THE ECLIPSE OBSERVATIONS

This figure shows the displacements of 92 stars as observed at the total solar eclipse of September 21, 1922, and is from a direct tracing of the star chart and from data in Lick Observatory Bulletin, No. 346. Do these displacements bear out the assertions of the relativitists that "These results are in exact accord with the requirements of the Einstein theory"?

or some 17 per cent greater than the Einstein prediction. This excess, this difference from the predicted value of the deflection, he attributes to some kind of abnormal refraction in the earth's atmosphere.

Not only does the actual size of the average deflection, as now given by Campbell, thus conflict with the Einstein prediction, but an analysis of his paper shows that the light rays were not bent in the proper directions. All of this is clearly brought out in the accompanying diagrams. In these figures the small central

circles represent the eclipsed sun as shown on the photographs; the full irregular figure just outside the sun represents the right parts of the corona, while the faint dotted lines show the outer limits of coronal light. The heavy black dots show the true positions of the various stars as photographed on the plates, and it will be at once noticed that the rays from some twenty of the stars pass through the visible portions of the corona. According to Einstein, each star should be seen at the time of the eclipse, not in its true position, but pushed slightly outward from the centre of the sun, the size of this deflection varying with the distance of the individual star from the edge of the sun. This is shown in Figure I, where the thin lines show the direction and amount of the predicted Einstein deflection for each star. As these deflections are very minute and would be invisible if drawn to scale, they have been magnified, in relation to other dimensions of the figure, somewhat over 2100 times. Figure II shows the displacements of the ninety-two stars as actually observed by Campbell, and is taken from a diagram and measurements given by Professor Campbell in the Lick Observatory Bulletin.

A comparison of these two figures shows perfectly clearly that for the great majority of the stars the observed deflections differ radically in direction and amount from those predicted by Einstein. Only fifteen stars show bendings even approximately in the directions predicted by Einstein: and twenty-six stars, or nearly one-third of the entire number, show deflections in a general direction *opposite* to that called for by the relativity theory. The average deflection, as announced by Campbell, was obtained by reducing the actual measures by formulas and methods which "presuppose the existence of the Einstein effect" and which consider all departures from the expected deflection, departures both in direction and amount, as purely accidental errors of measurement. These observations of Campbell indicate, it is true, that rays of light are bent during a total solar eclipse, but they do not show that the bending follows the Einstein prediction; they do not give any indication as to the cause, or causes of such bendings. No observations, no checks were used by Campbell to determine whether the deflections, shown in Figure II, occurred in our atmosphere, or at the sun.

Now the question as to where the bending takes place is of

vital importance. If the observed bending occurs in our own atmosphere and not at the sun, then it cannot be due to Einstein, or to any of his theories. This phase of the problem has been ignored by the relativist, but it is beginning to receive attention. The expedition of the Sproul Observatory to observe and photograph the 1923 eclipse was equipped with special instruments to test this point, to determine whether the bending occurs in our atmosphere, or at the sun. Unfortunately clouds partially obscured the sky and greatly interfered with the success of the expedition. Some photographs were secured, beautiful pictures of the brilliant corona, but lacking many of the fainter stars, which are necessary to a complete and satisfactory test. It will take months of painstaking measurement and calculation to read the riddle of these plates and to determine whether they furnish an answer to this all important question.

The Einstein theory has been heralded to the world as self-consistent, containing no special pleadings or assumptions, and as mathematically impregnable. The astronomical tests, according to the followers of the theory, have been passed in a spectacularly successful manner and the evidence is so conclusive that we "must" accept the theory. And these statements and assertions have been taken on faith, and the theory accepted by mathematicians, physicists, and by some of the most prominent astronomers of the world. Yet the mathematical expositions of the theory are full of transformations and approximations of doubtful validity. What is the principle of equivalence but an instrument of special pleading, a handy device for selecting those portions of discordant theories which suit the special and immediate needs? The astronomical observations do not sustain the claims of the relativists; the relativity equation of motion does not give the motions of the planets in ordinary units of time; the measured star deflections do not agree with the Einstein prediction. The Einsteinians have not worked out fully and completely the consequences of their own theory, they have gone astray in their approximations and in the astronomical interpretations of their formulas.

*The second article in the debate, — "The Triumphs of Relativity"
by Archibald Henderson, — will appear in the July issue.*

GERMANY TODAY

Her Problems and Impediments

IRA NELSON MORRIS

FOR twenty centuries the Germans have been their own worst enemies, says our former Minister to Sweden. Only under the genius of Bismarck have they ever been able to act unitedly. For five years they have been wrestling with a problem that would have tested a country much more thoroughly schooled in politics, yet Cabinet after Cabinet has failed through inability to devise a working compromise. A passion for pure logic blinds them to what is politically practicable. This increases the danger of Communism.

IT was in February, 1919. The German National Assembly at Weimar had adopted a provisional Constitution, elected Friedrich Ebert as President of the new Republic, and was settling down to solve the problems of the new state. Conrad Haussmann, one of the leaders of the old Imperial Reichstag and a prominent member of the National Assembly, made an optimistic speech in which, after referring to problems to be solved, he declared that these were, however, merely *Kinderkrankheiten*, — infantile complaints incident to the birth of a new state, and that they would soon be cured. This optimism was shared by most of the deputies except the members of the extreme Right, the monarchistic German Nationals, who, even then, cast themselves collectively in the rôle of Cassandra and, with folded arms, sat back grimly and waited for the catastrophe.

Whether they saw more clearly and were better prophets than their liberal colleagues I do not undertake to say, but it cannot be denied that the developments of the five years since that time have all been along the lines which they foresaw. For the troubled German Republic has not succeeded in solving a single one of the problems which then confronted it. Moreover, new problems have arisen. Instead of the infantile diseases that were then soon to be cured, a whole batch of new ailments has come, and some of them look suspiciously like the afflictions of senility.

The problems that confront Germany, while they present colossal difficulties, appear at first glance to be merely such as have confronted all states at one time or another, — different, perhaps, in degree, but not in kind. These problems are, in general, the establishing of a stable currency, with an ordered bank-

ing system; increasing production and exportation; augmenting the state's income from all sources, chiefly taxation; and maintaining orderly government at home. These and other similar problems have been solved time and again in stricken lands on principles familiar to students of these different branches of statecraft. The outsider is inclined to think that they ought to be solved in Germany today by the application of the same principles. Among American financial authorities one frequently, perhaps generally, notes a considerable degree of amazement or even scornfulness over the utter failure of all German efforts to solve even one of the problems facing the country.

Amazement may be in place, but scorn is decidedly out of place. It must not be forgotten that, before the war, German financiers, economists, and leaders in the world of business took high rank everywhere, and deservedly so. If these men have been so completely helpless in the face of the difficulties confronting Germany, it would seem that some little modesty is appropriate on the part of outside critics. Perhaps these various problems are not so simple as they appear; perhaps they are different not merely in degree, but also in kind, from apparently similar problems elsewhere. Or perhaps a new equation enters into them.

There is a new equation, and a mighty one: the personal equation. The most powerful factor in all human affairs is human nature. All successful men who have to do with affairs of state are, whether they realize it or not, psychologists. Men who have problems of state to solve have and must ever have in mind the quality of their people, — their method of thinking, their reactions. And the average American, in passing judgment on German affairs, naturally bases his judgment quite unconsciously on the human factor as he knows it, — the American human factor. Remedies that seem to him obvious remedies have not been tried; remedies that seem to him no remedies at all have been tried. Everything is topsy-turvy. Therefore the masters of Germany are either incompetent or dishonest.

Incompetence there has undoubtedly been. Nor has post-revolutionary Germany as yet produced more than a handful of leaders like Rathenau who possessed that indomitable courage which a real statesman must have.

The chief obstacle against which every German statesman has

to contend is that characteristic which has for twenty centuries made the Germans their own worst enemies: their inability to act unitedly. Julius Caesar conquered one German tribe after another because these did not make common cause against him. A century or so later Tacitus, describing the extermination of the Bructeri by neighboring tribes in the Harz mountains, remarked that the Romans had "nothing left to demand of fortune but the discord of the barbarians."

Of a contest of Romans against Germans in the time of the Emperor Hadrian we are told that the Roman leaders, after a day of severe repulses, were considering the advisability of retreating. Suddenly there arose a terrific clamor from the Germans' camp. A night attack seemed probable, and this the dispirited, weary Roman legions could not have withstood. Scouts were sent out to learn the meaning of the disturbance.

"The Germans are quarreling among themselves," they reported.

The Romans, encouraged, attacked immediately and won a decisive victory.

"No man can get out of his own skin," says an old German proverb!

Coming down to the time of Napoleon I, we find a half dozen German states fighting on his side to prevent the liberation of Germany from the Napoleonic yoke. Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Bavaria, and Hussia fought with Austria against North Germany in 1866. In 1870 Napoleon III believed for a short time that he could count on the eventual aid of Bavaria in a war against the rest of Germany. Almost up to the breaking out of the Franco-German war he hoped for the active support of Austria.

Out of such discordant states the German Empire was finally created in 1871. From the very beginning it was a marriage of convenience, not of affection, and only the great genius, determination, and courage of Bismarck made the marriage possible at all. Considering all the factors, it is to be wondered that the new union succeeded as well as it did, for not only did the various states preserve almost undiminished their particular habits of thinking and their narrow local patriotism, but all the inherited dissensions and hair-splitting tendencies of the individuals making up these states found a new culture-medium in the German

Reichstag. Here there were regularly fourteen, fifteen, or more parties, and the distinction between many of them could be comprehended by no non-German unless he were a skilled metaphysician. To confound confusion still further, some of these parties had distinct "right wings" and "left wings."

"Every German would be best pleased if he could have his own political party," said the practical Bismarck.

That intelligent government was nevertheless possible under such conditions was due largely to the genius of Bismarck, and, after his death, to the fact that the authority of the state was strong and inspired German statesmen with that courage which comes from the knowledge that one is supported by authority. All high officials, moreover, were men of learning and special training. It would have been difficult, probably impossible, to find one in the whole empire who did not possess special qualifications for his post. This was particularly the case in the administration of the cities, which served as models for the whole civilized world.

Then came the great war, bringing physical deprivations which few Americans can even dimly comprehend. Old ideals, illusions, and traditions had been seriously shaken when the final defeat came. And then revolution. The authority of the old state was destroyed at a single blow, to be succeeded by the authority of a class that had never had power before.

For three months the extreme revolutionists ruled absolutely. The result was what might have been expected. A necessary qualification for an office-holder in the new-baked republic was membership in one of the Socialist parties. Some able men of the self-made type came to the front, but the great majority were incompetent. A state founded on strong patriotic feelings might have survived even this, but Germany was not such a state. It speedily became apparent that a considerable part of the virtues possessed by the people at large, — above all, devotion to duty and discipline, — had been imposed from above. Now, when the authority of the former masters was destroyed, these virtues disappeared almost over night. The prevailing sentiment became one of impatient dislike of superiority, and dislike even of the virtues of the formerly ascendant class. There are many indications of a drift back to the parties that still preach patriotism,

heroism, self-denial, and devotion to duty, but the twenty-century-old inability of the Germans to lay aside minor differences and act unitedly still characterizes even those elements which, in other lands, stand together against the forces of destructive radicalism and of negation of the state. Hence Communism or Bolshevism, while as yet an actual danger in probably only three German states, is unquestionably gaining strength steadily and, given the continuing support of physical misery for long enough, will some day become a very grave menace in all Middle and Northern Germany. It could be rendered powerless if the rest of the Germans would work together. But they will not.

Another thing that has weakened the forces in Germany making for good government is the selfish materialism that has, in the case of so many million Germans, taken the place of finer emotions. Men and women who ten years ago would have been found talking about serving the community and the state, — and practising what they preached, — are today struggling desperately to overreach their neighbors and gain at the expense of fellow-Germans. It is humanly understandable, for the struggle for existence has been gruesomely bitter and even a more patriotic people might not have acted differently. There is ancient authority for the statement that he who provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel. But whether or not this selfish materialism is justified, it is undeniably a factor making against good government and a strong state.

I have named some of the human factors entering into the situation, but I come now to two other characteristics so peculiarly and specifically German that they set the people apart and make them an unsolvable riddle for most other peoples. These characteristics are a unique brand of idealism and a logic utterly unfettered by any sense of practicality or practicability. And these are the two further factors that make it most difficult for the Germans to solve their political, financial, and economic problems. I doubt greatly whether any American or English statesman facing the same conditions could have made much if any more headway than has been made by the German statesmen. Even the most capable performer can do little with a defective instrument, and the Germans, despite their many splen-

did qualities, are today a most defective instrument from a political viewpoint.

The question whether Germany was ever defeated in a military sense is of no importance; she would have been defeated soon in any event. But it cannot be denied that the extent of the collapse was rendered greater by the almost childish, other-worldly idealism of that great number of Germans who took the Socialists' international doctrines seriously. The Socialists, as is natural, furnish the largest quota of these unteachable idealists, but they are also to be found in the ranks of the Democratic party and occasionally even farther right.

The other of the two characteristics to which I have referred — impractical logic — is confined to no one party or even group of parties; few Germans are free from its fetters. It is the state of mind that disregards the possible if this conflicts with the logical. A straight line is unquestionably the shortest distance between two given points. Very well, says the German, then we must take the straight line. One points out that this straight line is beset with difficulties; the road is full of pitfalls; man-eating tigers lurk along its sides. But, persists the German, you will not deny that it is the shortest distance. One can not, of course, deny it. And that ends the matter; the straight line is taken.

One encounters a combination of idealism and ruthless logic in the method in which the penal laws are enforced. A crass example is afforded by the mushy humanitarianism that excuses the gravest crimes if the offender "acted from ideal motives." Thus, far-reaching amnesties were extended to the murderers and plunderers taking part in the uprisings in Middle Germany at Easter time, 1921, because they had meant well, — they desired to improve the governmental forms. One of these men, sentenced at the time to five years in prison, is now a member of the Saxon cabinet and also of the national Federal Council! He escaped from prison shortly after beginning his term, and later came under the general amnesty. He was one of the chief lieutenants of the leader of the uprising, Max Holz, who was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder and who, by some strange oversight, has not yet been pardoned. And such men are ministerial possibilities in the German Republic!

A further hindrance to efficient government is the fact that a

large part of the Germans are utterly apathetic in all political matters. "I don't belong to any party. It's all humbug." This is the answer that one gets with surprising frequency when asking Germans about their political affiliations.

All these things that I have mentioned, — and the list could be extended considerably, — obviously constitute a tremendous hindrance to good government. Yet not only all these hindrances exist in Germany, but there is also a tangible obstacle. This is the German form of parliamentarism.

The Weimar Constitution provides that the German government, — that is, the members of the cabinet, from Chancellor downward, — must resign if the Reichstag, by a majority vote, declares its lack of confidence in them. Such a system may, and, indeed, does work well in certain other countries, but all experience of the last four years and more has demonstrated its complete unworkability in Germany. Everything there operates against its success. Not only do the people lack political schooling, — one begins to wonder whether they do not lack political aptitude entirely, — but they are, as I have pointed out, split up into a multiplicity of parties, of which two, the Socialists and Communists, are openly class-parties, for whom only the proletariat exists. Their attitude toward the state was summed up aptly by Arthur Crispian, a Socialist leader, when he said at a congress of his party a year and a half ago: "I know no fatherland called Germany."

The workings of this parliamentarism have been such as gravely to discredit all parliamentary government in Germany. Cabinet after Cabinet has fallen as its victim. There has been a greater consumption of ministers of state in republican Germany in less than five years than in the last twenty-five years of the empire. Significant of the lack of courageous leadership in the republic is the further fact that all but a few of these many Cabinets resigned even before they received a vote of lack of confidence; with few exceptions they surrendered and got out because they were afraid that such a vote would be passed. It is difficult not to write satirically about a situation where the most ardent Republicans and Democrats themselves confess by their votes that only a dictatorship can save their country.

Whether even a dictatorship can save it remains to be seen.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKI

With an Introduction and Notes by Princess C. Radziwill

ALTHOUGH deprived by the Bolsheviki of lands and personal property, Princess Radziwill succeeded in bringing into exile copies of letters written by Feodor Mikailovitch Dostoevski to her father, a lifelong friend of the Russian genius. Ten of these letters, which THE FORUM is publishing in three installments, afford intimate revelations of the great writer in moods of despair, doubt, exaltation, and prophetic inspiration. The first is dated 1847, when Dostoevski was twenty-six years of age; the last is dated thirty-three years later, two months before his death. In the interval the author of the letters had alternated between the depths of social persecution and the heights of literary renown. Readers of "Crime and Punishment" and "The House of the Dead" will instantly recognize their creator in these epistolary outpourings.

MY father, the late General Rzewuski, knew Dostoevski before the latter's banishment to Siberia, and had been one of those who used to assemble regularly at the house of Bielinski, the great Russian critic, who together with Nekrassov had been among the first to recognize the literary talent of the then unknown young man who was destined to be one of the glories of Russian modern literature. They became friends, notwithstanding the difference of opinion which divided them on many subjects, and when Dostoevski was arrested and condemned to death, my father, a favorite of Nicholas I, did his utmost to help the unfortunate young man, whom he considered more sinned against than sinning. He pleaded Dostoevski's cause before the Emperor and before the Empress, who it seems finally succeeded in having the death sentence changed to penal servitude.

In 1855, when the great writer was allowed to return from Siberia after having undergone his punishment, my father saw him again and they corresponded during the remainder of Dostoevski's life. He found my father more sympathetic perhaps than most of those with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, more so even than Maikov the poet, who of all Dostoevski's contemporaries had best understood the exaggerations, doubts,

scepticism, and exalted mysticism of his abnormal nature. But Maikov had failed to realize the intensity of feeling and the moral agonies endured by Dostoevski, while my father (probably owing to the fact that he had been brought up in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century), realized the more delicate traits of a character which was so entirely Russian in some points of view, and so thoroughly Occidental, — which does not mean European, — in others.

Moreover, my father appreciated those moral torments undergone by Dostoevski during his imprisonment better than people who, like Maikov for instance, looked at them entirely from the material side and failed to grasp the great spiritual problems to which they gave rise. The world in general complimented Dostoevski far more on his novel *The Brothers Karamazov* than upon *The House of the Dead*, which is undoubtedly his best and most remarkable work, while my father always held the opinion that it was this last-named book which constituted his greatest literary achievement, a fact which explains why, during one of his conversations with him, Dostoevski exclaimed, "The Memories of a Dead House, — they are those of my dead and crushed spirit, of my murdered soul!"

When Dostoevski returned to Russia in 1871, after a long residence abroad, his relations with my father were resumed; they saw more of each other and corresponded more regularly. The last time they met was on the eve of Dostoevski's death, when he already knew that all was over for him in this world. He had never cared for life, at least had said so, and yet he would have liked to live a little longer. "I could have written a few more books," he said quite simply, but with an accent of bitter regret. A few more books, this was all. No, there was something more, because he immediately added, "Well, I shall at last be at rest with the Saints," alluding to the words of the Russian service for the dead and its sad final invocation:

"Give rest, O Lord, to Thy servant with Thy Saints,
There where sin and sorrow are no more,
Only peace and life everlasting."

My father preserved with great care his correspondence with his illustrious friend, and made himself a copy of the few letters I

publish herewith; at my request he gave them to me, the originals remaining in his possession. It had always been his intention to publish them one day, but he died without having been able to do so, owing to his advanced age, and also to his reluctance to let the public into the confidence of Dostoevski's moral struggles, doubts, and despair, before time had done its work and appeased the passions which might have agitated his contemporaries had those letters seen the light of day immediately after the author's decease. My brothers never had time to undertake this work until it was too late to do so, and unfortunately I possess only the copies of the few letters which follow.

When he judges them, the reader must remember that Dostoevski was far from normal; that consequently certain expressions which he uses ought not to be taken literally, being often only hysterical outbursts. He had suffered too much, and his whole existence had been far too much of a struggle against adverse circumstances, for him to be able to give a proper account of what he felt. He had all the exuberance and all the mysticism of the Slav, and perhaps the person who summed up his strange character in the most accurate way was Balzac, for whom my father had translated *Poor Folk* into French during one of the French author's sojourns in Ukraine, before his marriage with my aunt Madame Hanska, and who, after having listened to it, exclaimed, "That man is a genius who will become a madman!" This was in 1849, about the time of Dostoevski's arrest in St. Petersburg, and certainly the subsequent development of his talent, as well as the circumstances under which his life was spent after his release from prison, have confirmed this judgment of one of the greatest authors of the nineteenth century on his Russian rival.

C. RADZIWILL.

The following letter, written at the very time when Dostoevski had become engaged in a political conspiracy against the government of the Czar, is curious from the point of view of that gift of prophecy which he had at times. Since his childhood he had suffered from hallucinations and epileptic seizures, after which, as one of his contemporaries once exclaimed, he "seemed to have had an insight into the future" about which he spoke with a certainty which was at times perfectly uncanny.

"June 15, 1847.

"Dear Friend,

Your letter was a great joy to me, the more so that it found me in a moment of absolute discouragement, and almost of despair. I seem at times to see so well not only my own personal faults, mistakes, and imperfections, but also those of others and what awaits them, myself, and our unhappy country. And this knowledge of what Russia will have to suffer in the future is harder to bear than the certainty of what I shall have to bear individually, because I know I am to expiate . . . what? I don't know myself, but I feel there is something to expiate, something for which a punishment is deserved, perhaps because we are so strangely constituted that not only do we seek suffering, but we love it at times, and need it in order to keep our souls always on that high level under which we cannot sink without destroying all that is best in us, and in our whole nature.

"You know that I have always at times had premonitions as to the future, and lately these premonitions seem to have increased, so that I sometimes find it unendurable to fight against this conviction of the misfortunes to come. And it seems to me so strange to hear my friends prophesy for me a great literary future, when I know no such future is in store for me, that annihilation is the only thing which awaits me: me, and our country. Because Russia's future is as dark as my own. Soon, how soon, I don't know, — no one knows or can tell, — but soon she will no longer be a nation, no longer be an Empire, no longer be feared or be loved, but lie vanquished and bleeding under the feet of some conqueror come from Europe or from Asia, or simply risen from her, risen from among her children.

"I seem to see all this, to gaze on a broken, murdered, destroyed Russia, and then the spectacle changes and I see myself a broken man, whose dreams, ambitions, hopes have been crushed out of existence, a useless human being. And when all these things pass through my brain, I try to open my eyes, to chase away all these spectacles of distress and of agony, and I cannot do it. I simply cannot. Life fills me with dread; with an unknown, terrible dread, the dread of a manifestation of the power of God which I shall not be able to bear, which shall make my bones shiver in their envelope of flesh. My God, what is life, what are

we in life, what is the use of it all, the aim of it all, the necessity for it all? Pushkin is perhaps the only person who would have been capable of understanding what I feel, if I could tell it to him. He knows so well how to express in his writings this troubled state of a soul that wants not so much to be free itself as to see others freed from the chains in which they have lingered for so long.

"It is not a morbid feeling which makes me write to you like that. It is rather the sense of all the tragedy of life, the sense that we stand on the brink of a catastrophe, that the world is bound sooner or later to collapse in one vast conflagration kindled by the evil passions of mankind. And then what? And then, why is this world in general existing, why has it been created, if nothing good is ever to come out of it, if only injustice, cruelty, and suffering are allowed to thrive in it? The whole of the universe is built on wrong principles, or rather on no principles at all, so that one is tempted to suspect the Almighty of having tried a vast joke on humanity by having called it into existence.

"I wish I could forget myself, I wish I could possess the true faith, the real, pure, Christian one, I wish the world could cease to touch me, I wish I could shake off the feeling that I stand on the brink of a great trial, of a trial which shall be the turning point in my moral destiny, because it is the only one which matters; all the rest is indifferent in presence of the moral gain or loss through which a man can reach his God, or be spurned and rejected by Him. Will that God allow me to lean on Him, to be soothed by Him in my hour of trial? I wish I knew, I wish I could be sure, because then I should be strong, I should be fearless, I could boldly face my destiny, accept my lot. But I am not sure, and Russia also is not sure of the morrow, is not sure of what is reserved to her, of what she has to expect or to fear. Russia: I feel so bound to her, so absorbed in her, I feel myself so entirely her child, and what child can forget its mother, can remain indifferent to the fate of that mother, when it hovers in the balance?

"Bielinsky,¹ when I speak to him of these things, says that I

¹ Bielinsky, famous Russian critic. He was the first to recognize the great talent of Dostoevski and to encourage him. But even he grew weary of the continual contradictions in the character of his young protégé, and their friendship soon turned to enmity. When Dostoevski was arrested in 1849 and sentenced to penal servitude for his political activities, some people felt that Bielinsky showed himself unkind and expressed himself too severely in regard to Dostoevski's conduct. C. R.

am mad, and perhaps he is right, but if so it is a madness born of love, love for my country, love for those who fight for her welfare, love for all that I feel I have of good in myself. And believe me it is a madness which hurts, which hurts horribly at times.

"I must ask you one thing. If you hear that some untoward fate has befallen me, don't judge me too harshly, don't condemn me absolutely. Remember that God judges us all individually, and that He knows what we really deserve in the way of reward or of chastisement. Don't be harsh on me, because I suffer, I really suffer, and every suffering is hell to the one who has to endure it.

"Your devoted ——."

The following letter was written at the time when Dostoevski was a member of the circle of Petrachevsky where the emancipation of the serfs was not only planned and spoken of as bound to take place sooner or later, but where a whole conspiracy was engineered with the aim of compelling the Czar to grant it, through a revolt, not only of the army, but of the whole nation. Subsequently most of the people engaged in this plot were arrested, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in Siberia, — among others Dostoevski, who at first was condemned to death, and reprieved only on the scaffold. At this period of Russian history, society was in a ferment which went on increasing from year to year, and which was the premonitory symptom of the revolutionary movement that culminated at last, in 1917, with the fall of the Romanoff dynasty.

At this time he was smarting under the terrible blow that had fallen upon him by the suppression by the censor of the "Vremya," a publication he had started after his return to St. Petersburg from his Siberian exile. This letter must not be taken too literally as an expression of his true feelings. He was exasperated at the ruin not only of his hopes, but of his financial independence, which he never recovered because the burden of debt which fell upon him as a consequence of the censor's action was never lifted from his shoulders. Dostoevski was most certainly at one time an atheist, and this state of mind came back to him even after he had become converted to Christianity, and become a mystic; but it would be doing him a great wrong to think that he really believed what he wrote in his moments of great exasperation.

Possibly the hallucinations from which Dostoevski had suffered since childhood account for the style of this letter, and the strange premonitions it contains. At the same time one must remember that when he penned it, he was engaged in a political conspiracy well capable of upsetting a nervous temperament such as his.

“June 2, 1863

(No salutation)

“I suppose you will have heard of the terrible misfortune which has overtaken me (Dostoevski’s newspaper ‘Vremya’ had just been suppressed by the censor). I don’t mean in using this word ‘misfortune’ to allude to the material loss which the censor’s decision has brought on me, heavy though it is. But the ‘Vremya’ was a part of my life, and I had hoped to succeed through it in establishing my reputation as a writer, as well as to be able to convey to our people the message which for years I have in vain tried to deliver to them. We had been so careful to avoid anything that might have been construed as a desire to start political activity against the government. And now they accuse us, on account of an article which was purely patriotic, of having tried to incite people to rebellion against the established order of things. Of course this was but a pretext. The truth of the matter is that they don’t want in high places to hear me, that they have decided to stop my activity as a writer, that they mean to silence my voice which might, had it been heard, have aroused in certain persons the desire to examine things for themselves, to try to ascertain whether the terrible sights I have had to witness were really true, or the product of my imagination.

“The ‘Vremya’ was not the guilty party, but Dostoevski was tried, was sentenced and executed without having had the opportunity to defend himself and without having been given the right to protest against the untrue accusations levelled at him. Don’t forget I have been a convict and that the stigma of it will cling to me for ever and ever. I have served my term, I have borne this awful punishment for crimes which I had not committed, and yet my persecutors are not satisfied. I must be killed mentally and morally once more. And people tell us that there is a God! Ah, if He existed, surely such injustices would not be permitted, unless He is a divinity who revels in the presence of cruelty and suffering,

who gloats over the agony of mankind. God! when I think of all the lies told and taught to us about Him when we are children, then I am tempted to laugh out loud, at the idea that our parents and teachers could ever suppose us such fools as to go on believing in this abject image of a divinity which they call upon us to love and to adore. God! — why He is nothing but an invention of a perverted mankind that seeks above for a justification of the evil deeds it commits below. And they want us to believe in Him; they expect us to bow down in humble submission before His idiotic decrees! Surely this is an insult to our intelligence, an insult to our faculties of discernment. God! Ah, when I think of the many times He has forsaken me, left me to battle alone with my sufferings, to fight alone against all the powers of hell leagued against me, I wonder how I can help myself from cursing Him as well as all those who play the comedy of believing in Him!

“I cannot write any more, but you will understand me, you will realise what I feel.

“Ever your devoted ——”

Additional letters will be published in the July issue

FILMS IN DARTMOOR PRISON

STACY AUMONIER

DURING the war of 1812 between England and the United States, many captured Americans were confined in the prison which had been erected a few years earlier for the detention of French prisoners of war. Over a century later an American film company invaded the jail for the humanitarian purpose of entertaining English convicts with a transatlantic moving picture. An English author went to watch the effect of this innovation, and he relates his impressions in the present article.

RECENTLY I assisted at a function, unique in the annals of our island story, and significant of the present trend of its social development. It was the exhibition of a modern American film to the convicts in Dartmoor Prison. The company who presented this film trades under the name of the Associated First National Pictures, Ltd. I know very little about this company, but it would be churlish to write this

article without first paying handsome tribute to the initiative, enterprise, and pertinacity of the directors, who after many long months of negotiation managed to secure permission from the Home Office to present the film. It is extremely difficult to get permission to enter the prison at all, but this was an innovation, and government offices do not like innovations. Apart from that it must have entailed considerable expense. Everything had to be sent down from London. As there is no electric plant at Dartmoor, a large motor trolley had to be sent down three days beforehand with all the projectors, screens, batteries, and other paraphernalia essential to the production. (I might mention that if the prison gates had been six inches narrower they couldn't have got in at all!) Neither do I see in what way the company could have benefited by the expedition, beyond the amiable satisfaction of being "the first in," and of being pioneers in a new phase of human evolution.

In America it has been customary for some time to present films to prisoners and one of the chief weapons the directors had in advocating their case was the universal testimony of Chaplains and Governors of prisons throughout the United States, as to the moral value and benefit of such a departure. We are a slow moving people but when the reason of a thing becomes manifest, we are not laggard in applying it to our needs. The presentation of that

film at Dartmoor was not an idle gesture. When our people do move they move forward, — slowly, perhaps, but forward.

Of the success of this venture at Dartmoor there was not a shadow of doubt. It was a tremendous success. The Governor was unfortunately away, but the Deputy Governor, the Chaplain, the Doctor, and the other officers were united in their opinion that the thing was not only good but that it had come to stay. I sat right up in front so that I could see the convicts' faces, and a keener, more alert, more intelligent, more appreciative audience I have never had the pleasure of being amongst. When they streamed out into the sunshine at the end, every man's face was beaming and happy. To them, in any case, it was an hour of sheer delight.

We now of course come to the big question. There is, and always has been, and always will be, two schools of thought, with regard to the treatment of the criminal. The school which says: "This man is a criminal. Break him. Crush him. Punish him. Beat him down, and *keep him down*." The other school which says: "This man has committed a crime, but he is a human being. Let's try and raise him up." Between these two schools of thought there eternally rages a fierce conflict. And problems are seldom so easy as they appear on the surface. The one party tends to be too reactionary, the other too sentimental. One can imagine the fierce old gentleman in the club, reading his newspaper and exclaiming:

"A cinema in jail! Bah! Coddlers!"

On the other hand there are people who would give the prisoners cinemas every day, gramophones, tennis courts, and chocolate éclairs. Those who study the matter profoundly have to feel their way along between the two extremes. In our present stage of civilization the prison is inevitable. We cannot have people going about murdering other people, robbing, raping, and committing bigamy. It is untidy and confusing. It upsets the social machine. But we do not want to use the prison as a medium of vengeance. The psychology of crime is undergoing a sympathetic analysis. There are indeed few who can throw the first stone. Is there a man who has reached maturity who has not at some time, in the dark places of his heart, been within an ace of being a criminal? Crime is not infrequently the outcome of some sudden

sexual disorder, a condition which will right itself in the normal course. The *crime passionel* is looked upon with compassion, for it presents to us the vision of familiar images. The trouble is that when once the deed is done the victim loses self-respect. He slips back and one crime will suggest another.

The old conception was that the criminal was a creature outside the human pale. He was a thing apart, a different animal entirely. He was chained up and beaten and bullied. The consequence was that losing all self-respect, the first thing he did was to look out for an opportunity to bash his jailer over the head. He and his jailer were two animals ever at war. But we are now arriving at a happier order of things. It is beginning to be recognized that the fact of having committed a crime does not necessarily make a man a criminal.

A young clerk, who has been led astray, steals some bonds from a bank and is found out. Society takes him and says: "Look here, we can't stand that. You must go to prison for five years." Well, that is an act which implies a contract. It means that in the opinion of society the stealing of the bonds merits five years imprisonment. If it doesn't, why not give him three years, or seven, or fifteen? The clerk is bound to keep his part of the contract, but in that case so must society keep its. It must allow that at the end of that time the price has been paid and the contract honorably kept. And while he is serving, the contract is also being kept. Society is justified in robbing the clerk of his liberty, but not entirely of his self-respect. There is no reason at all why he should steal more bonds when he regains his liberty. That which is most likely to drive him to it is the furtive whisper of his fellows: "Thief! thief!" or the implication of the official attitude that he is and must always be a criminal.

The Chaplain of Dartmoor said to me: "We try to instil here the discipline of respect rather than the discipline of fear." And this discipline was evident throughout what I saw of the prison. The Deputy Governor is one of the younger school, obviously intensely keen on his job. I have a feeling that as he moves about amongst the working parties he sometimes has to pinch himself and say: "Good Lord! these men are criminals. I was forgetting."

In the old days no governor would dare to go amongst the convicts unaccompanied by two armed warders. But here one

beheld the Deputy Governor — in plus-fours! — strolling about amongst them as unconcernedly as though he were among friends on the golf links. It is the discipline of respect and self-respect.

Five hundred and eighty convicts attended the cinema performance, and I happened to be in a position to note all their faces both going in and coming out. On a rough average I should say that three out of ten looked definitely criminals. The other seven were exactly the same old crowd you may see any morning in a third class smoker coming up from Surbiton to Waterloo. The only difference was that the convicts looked fitter. I think the first thing that struck me about them was their hair. The old prison crop has gone. A man can wear his hair just how he likes. This is a strikingly wise move on the part of the authorities. Retaining his hair he can to a large extent retain his personality, and retaining his personality helps him to retain his self-respect. He is not Convict No. 466; he is still Bob Jones. Anyone would recognize him.

Some of the younger men wore long hair brushed back and neatly combed, and often suspiciously shiny. Now this is not my business. I am sure that brilliantine is forbidden in a convict establishment. Can it be possible that some of His Majesty's butter goes to the embellishing of the locks of criminals? Oh! upright and stern rate-payer, do not be disgusted. In your part of the contract you have agreed to allow your captive so much butter for his physical needs. If he chooses to put it on his hair rather than in his stomach, is it not a sign of a striving towards something higher? If you were serving a life sentence could you continue to take pride in your appearance if someone had robbed you not only of your liberty but of your self-respect? The convict may now also have a safety razor, — for which he pays one and fourpence! And he may shave himself with the aid of a small mirror, — a quite recent concession.

I am writing this article under considerable constraint. A prison is quite rightly not a show place and officials are supposed to say nothing. Convicts are also not supposed to speak. But one cannot spend five hours in a prison without breaking the regulations. At least I can't. Inasmuch as the Home Office gave us permission to do this thing I assume that they have no objection to our using our perceptive senses. And at this point I would like

to make a suggestion. There has for some time been considerable argument about prison reform and prison conditions. The matter bristles with difficulties. Everyone appreciates the dangers and problems and pitfalls that the authorities must be always having to negotiate, but I do think that the general public should be allowed to have a little more light on the subject shed by independent witnesses.

The prison authorities administer the prisons, but after all they are our prisons and our convicts. It is upon our consciences they sit. How do we know whether we are living up to the spirit of our contract if we are never allowed to see how the contract is being kept?

I felt this very keenly because my sketchy impression of the prison was a pleasantly surprising one. It was a far less forbidding establishment than I had expected. In the first place it is in a glorious setting. From the prison grounds, one hundred and fifty feet above sea level, you see the bold sweep of the Devonshire moor. You can see green fields and trees. About the grounds are little beds of flowers. The convicts themselves looked clean and smart and healthy. They are not confined to the prison. They go out in working parties and work on the quarries, and the farms, and on buildings in Prince Town. They have clean light workshops where they do carpentry, bookbinding, tailoring. They have their own laundry, forge, bakery and so on. There is great variety of activities.

The film was selected from many others by the Chaplain Director of Prisons. It was called "Mighty lak' a Rose." It was a familiar enough subject, containing plenty of what we all now describe as "sob-stuff" and "up-lift," and for what it was it was well chosen. It was certainly very well acted, produced, and filmed and it contained humor and a moral. It concerned the story of crooks who were reformed through melody, as played by a blind girl violinist. Now this in itself seemed to me an important point, some great concession being made somewhere by the Powers in the background. It took place in the chapel. That which led to the reform of these desperate fellows was not Christianity or even virtuous example, it was melody. Is there any difference? We are getting on. A few years ago melody would not have been appropriate as a weapon to attack the hearts of convicts.

I need not say any more about the film. It was its effect on the prisoners which was our chief interest. There were a number of convicts there who had never seen a film. Some who had been in prison before the cinema was a commercial project. How would they take it? How would it impress men who had been incarcerated for years, being suddenly projected into a world of modern happenings? Beholding beautiful women and men in evening dress coming out of gorgeous restaurants in New York? How would the interaction of virtue and vice affect them? To put it simply they took the whole thing exactly like any other cinema audience, except that the note of keen delight was considerably more evident. There was the same gasp of dismay when the chief crook struck the girl with a chair, the same roar of delight when the hero came into his own and virtue triumphed. They were quick to take up every point. They roared with laughter at every comic situation, and there was little of that inane laughter at pathetic moments which you get with the majority of cinema audiences.

Now there is sure to be considerable controversy as to the wisdom of entertaining convicts in this way. The old school says: "Coddling again." But I contend that it is a good thing, in the same way, and for the same reason, that it is a good thing to allow the men to wear their hair long, — it will help them to retain their self-respect. It is like a spokesman on behalf of our side of the contract saying: "We recognize you as part of the social fabric. You are fulfilling your part of the contract. When you have paid your price we see no reason why you shouldn't go through swing doors of fashionable restaurants, with gorgeous women hanging on your arms. Life is a fluid thing. Sometimes it looks like a long dark tunnel vanishing to a pin-point of light in the distance. But this is illusory. Any point in the tunnel may suddenly become a centre round which a whole new set of human experiences revolves."

I hope I have not given so attractive a sketch of Dartmoor prison that some young man will think: "By Jove! I'd like to go and stay there!" and immediately go out and bang his mother-in-law over the head. It isn't all cinemas, and concerts, and working on farms. Prison must be an awful experience, and it is right that it should be sufficiently awful to make people anxious to

avoid it. The monotony and the solitude must be at times unbearable. To most of us the thought of prison is like having ninety-nine per cent cut out of all that we count as life. But the mind of man is strangely adaptable, in some cases too adaptable. Experience shows that when the ninety-nine parts have been taken away the remaining unit is again divisible into another hundred parts. A life can be lived within a fraction of a life. Some of the convicts are like canaries. A canary misses the delights of freedom and adventure of the wild bird, but in any case it gets its food regularly, its bath, its safety. It hops about and people say "tweet, tweet" to it, and it sings in reply and appears quite happy. If it was freed the world outside would bewilder it. It wouldn't know how to live or to look after itself. And a lot of the old convicts become like that. There is a saying that a good citizen makes a bad prisoner, and a bad citizen a good prisoner. It is quite understandable. The good citizen is less adaptable. There is more of him to imprison.

The importance of this question of the treatment of criminals is immeasurable. It is almost a test of our standard of civilization. And in this regard it is pleasant to be able to assert without qualification that the standard slowly but inevitably improves. Inevitably, because spiritual evolution is as real a fact as physical evolution. During the war I served for some time in the modest capacity of private. I was only in a clerical corps, but the experience gave me sufficient opportunity to judge the general attitude as between officers and men and more especially between non-commissioned officers and men. Among the non-commissioned officers one occasionally met cads and bullies, as there are probably cads and bullies amongst warders, but the type is becoming rarer and rarer, and is strongly disapproved of by the higher authorities. I found the system essentially paternal. You have only to behave yourself to be treated with all friendliness and fairness.

It is impossible to dissociate the army from the prison system. All the warders are ex-N. C. O.'s. And wandering through the prison one was conscious of identically the same atmosphere. There were the same serjeants, only a little fatter, a little more elderly, and more paternal, proud of their service, and of this record, and of their ability to manage difficult material with tact.

The old days of the triangle, the treadmill, and the bully have gone forever. No one is allowed to strike a prisoner, and any day a prisoner can demand to see the Governor or the Deputy Governor. Most punishments are negative ones: the loss of marks or privileges. Consequently the prison is no longer ruled by fear but by respect.

When we see around us misery, injustice, selfishness, and crime we are all rather apt to throw up our hands in despair, and declaim that civilization is going to the dogs. It is then time to look back and compare the conditions we deplore with those from which they have sprung. Less than a century ago young men were hanged for stealing a leg of mutton, women were whipped, hundreds were deported for life for any trivial offence against property. That was less than a century ago, and the further and further back you study the record of man's treatment of man, the crueller and more savage it becomes. The Greeks with their high standard of culture were as cruel as the rest. Compare the records then with the treatment of the criminal at the present day!

For the standard of civilization shall be measured, not by the glory of national achievements, nor the glitter of technical wonders, nor by the exploits of kings, nor the wisdom of philosophers, nor even by the triumphs of science, nor the adornments of art, but by the scale of man's attitude towards his neighbor.

In this regard we are better than we were. A new spirit moves amongst us. War is an accident, as crime itself is an accident, in the true meaning of the word, as of something that falls away. It is not symptomatic of the normal spiritual development of mankind. The Great War was an accident. It destroyed vast legacies of human life. It upset the economic balance of the world. But it did not disturb by one iota the steady upward thrust of this development. Indeed in some ways it accelerated it. Like a skilled surgeon it removed the cankers of many vain illusions. It bound vast communities of people into a common brotherhood. Above all it perpetuated the immortal image of the Unknown Soldier. For all we know, the Unknown Soldier, buried with all the pomp of moving ceremonial, and the homage of the greatest in the land, may have been a convict. Was he any less a hero for that, dear citizen?

THE "MURU"

DENNY STOKES

FROM the southern extremity of the Bababoodans westward to the Ghauts, Mysore is hilly, densely wooded, and intersected by deep valleys. It is through these wild jungle hills that the road from Shimagalur to Hallebile passes, twisting and turning unreasonably, marking the astuteness of native contractors, who seized the opportunity of increasing their profits by unnecessarily extending the distance from bazaar to bazaar, the Government having generously contracted for the construction of the highway by the mile.

Midway between Shimagalur and Hallebile the road emerges abruptly from the sea of trees into open paddy fields. There on the jungle edge stands a hut, the "Muru" toll post.

Sriva, an old Hindu, serene of countenance, tall and white-haired, is in charge. He is a proud old man, content, on the whole, with his lonely life, possessing but one grievance.

In his opinion every pedestrian, and all driven cattle, sheep, and goats, should pay to pass the toll post. But it is not within the power of Sriva to exact payment from these. He must needs content himself with collecting toll from the few motors that pass and from bullock carts. That he must passively watch travelers on foot go by without opening their purses is the cause of his one grumble.

There is a good reason for Sriva's pride. On the old toll hut in large white letters appears the word "Muru," which means "three." It is written in Canarese characters, and to strangers, European or native, conveys nothing. But to the oldest cartmen who frequent the road, to a few white-haired merchants in neighboring bazaars, the Muru toll brings memories, a reminder of days now happily passed.

In the days before the toll post existed, throughout the northern taluqs of Mysore, three budmashes carried out robberies and committed murders with impunity and persistence. For a period of some two years their exploits were the talk of the bazaars, filling the hearts of wealthy men with fear, as one after another of their number suffered loss, death, or both at the hands of the

robbers. The three outlaws were seldom referred to individually, but generally as the "Muru." The gang consisted of two Hindus and one Mohammedan, Ramchandra Rao, Yāru, and Hejas Mohammed.

The wildness of the country helped the gang to escape capture on many occasions during its existence, contributing not a little to its rapid movements, sudden disappearances, and unexpected reappearances; an elusiveness that perplexed the authorities and gave success to the coups effected by Hejas and his companions.

So great became the reputation of the Muru, so ruthless were their methods, that villagers feared to give information at times when a word, a warning, might have brought the band to justice. Another factor aiding the Muru to escape capture was the average police peon's inactivity, a quiet and long life even on nine rupees a month being preferable to the risk of death in hunting down the robbers, a point of view that even the substantial rewards of money and promotion offered could not change.

Hejas Mohammed possessed the stoutest heart of the three, and the quickest brain. He planned the raids, invariably taking the greatest risks, as on the occasion when a party of mounted armed planters all but succeeded in rounding up the gang. On that day Hejas attracted the pursuit upon himself, while his companions lay low. Only the extraordinary daring he displayed saved the Muru from capture, and only his inbred cunning enabled him to rejoin Ramchandra and Yāru two days later. The Hindu Ramchandra Rao was no fighter and a coward, but his knowledge of the jungles and their maze of game paths was invaluable to the Muru.

Unlike his companions, Yāru had not committed in Mysore the original crime that made him an outlaw. He was unknown, a stranger by sight to all in the northern taluqs, and named Yāru — "Who" — because of this. In his hidden identity lay his value to the combine, enabling him to move by day in the bazaars, there obtaining information concerning the projected movements of any worth robbing. As a spy Yāru excelled.

The most studied plans laid for the capture of criminals as often as not fail. Invariably the cleverest criminals fall into some

simple trap as easily as they have on many other occasions evaded far more complicated ones. Simply, and accidentally, the capture of the Muru was effected. If Sriva the toll keeper had had no hand in it, then there would be no cause for his pride.

During a night towards the end of May, three men crouched over a fire in a clearing by the side of the Shimag lur-Hallebile road, where today the toll hut stands. They had chosen their camp well. A dense growth of lantana shielded them from the eyes of all who passed along the highway. So thick was this mass of leaves and thorns that even the firelight failed to penetrate and reveal the hiding-place of these three, no other than the Muru. The clearing in which they sat was roofed by overhanging branches of trees that surrounded them on three sides, a black wall of jungle and shadow.

Wrapped in coarse *comblés* they talked in low tones, for the night was still, very still, and the Muru knew too well how far sound carries in the quietude of jungle lands. The only movement was that of leaves gently stirred by a soft wind which, coming from the south-west, bore the sound of thunder, a rumble so faint that it seemed to be part of the stillness, soothing the sleeping hills into greater composure rather than awakening them to meet the approaching storm.

Few carts passed over the usually busy road that night, but once or twice a cartman's song quavered through the trees, and the rumble of wheels sounded dully on the uneven surface of the road. Most of the carts were empty, though some were loaded with grass; but none carried a trader and his merchandise, or a rich land-owner with his bejewelled family, taking advantage of the coolness in which to make their journey; for news had spread through Shimag lur and Hallebile and the villages round that the Muru were near, lurking in the jungles. Where, no one knew, but that they had been seen was enough to make men hide their rupees beneath mud floors, and stay by night behind barred doors.

Ramchandra Rao's voice growled angrily across the fire at Hejas. Had he not failed to silence a party of coolies they had met as they moved through the jungles that afternoon? True, all but one had received the knives of the Muru. But that one had given the alarm.

"Thou wert a fool, Hejas," snarled the Hindu. "Word has flown about these jungles that we are somewhere within the shadows, and only fools, only poor men take the road. Shar, 'tis cold. Put wood, put wood, the night is cold, I say."

Hejas Mohammed looked up from the fire and smiled at Ramchandra Rao.

"What matter, brother of milky heart? 'Tis enough that we are somewhere. Which means here or there, but where? A greater fire will but point to our camp and lead a son of curiosity hither uninvited. Methinks thy stomach is too delicate. Since no wealthy merchant travels this night we, the Muru, must needs visit them to-morrow. The counting of Abdul Razahk's wealth at Hallebile gives me dreams of delight, though timidity gives thee doubtful thoughts. Heh! Hindus are ever women."

"Hejas, thou art but a jackal. As mad to risk for gain as thou art mad to gain. Hallebile holds many men. How think you even by night the Muru can gain entry to Abdul's house? Phaw! The followers of Mohammed lose in perception what they gain in magnificence by reason of their beards. Maybe 'tis these very same hairs that thwart their intelligence as they do attract the eyes of women. More wood, I say. More wood."

"Peace, brothers, peace," put in Yāru. "Anger and loud words avail the Muru little. Flames sent to the heavens will reveal our camp. To-morrow I may enter Hallebile and learn enough of Abdul's house to make our entry safe —"

"How?" interrupted the other Hindu. "How, for thou hast been seen not two hours before night set in?"

"Nay, I, Yāru, wore today, as always when with thee, a mask. No one knows my face. 'Tis well. Hist! a cart."

The sound of a passing cart came to them through the lantana, and the Muru fell silent, except Hejas, who sang softly as he rocked himself backwards and forwards on his haunches, staring with bright eyes at the flames.

"Silence," hissed Ramchandra Rao, bending towards the Mussulman.

"Why, thou hast said but now that only fools travel this night. Are the Muru afraid of fools?" Hejas smiled as he watched the Hindu glower at him.

"Fools have ears, fools have tongues, like thee, O dog of a

—"A nudge from Yāru stopped Ramchandra Rao from saying more. For a while all three sat about the fire in silence.

Hejas was the first to break it. "Didst hear that, Ramchandra?"

"Nay," answered the Brahmin.

"Methought thou didst say fools had ears, O worshipper of many gods. Listen; I, Hejas, bid thee listen."

Somewhere on the edge of the clearing a twig snapped, and then another.

"'Tis but a jackal," whispered Yāru.

"Jackals break no wood," said Ramchandra, moving uneasily.

"See, 'tis a man stands there by the golden bamboo. Some fool seeking a fire, maybe. Bid him come," said Hejas, pointing to where a native's dhoti showed white against the shadows.

"Our knives can silence him with ease as he sits between us. I desire the joy of watching the fear upon his face as he learns he is with the Muru," added the Mussulman.

The Muru watched the intruder as he slowly came towards them at Yāru's invitation. When within three paces of the group round the fire he stopped, lifting his hands to his forehead, bowed and said quietly, "Salaam."

"Salaam," returned Hejas and Yāru. Ramchandra only grunted and pulled his *comblé* closer about his shoulders to hide his hand that gripped a knife.

The stranger looked timidly at the squatting group for a few moments before he spoke, when he said:

"I am but a poor traveler. A stranger among these hills. Lost among these black jungles. I need food and warmth. I am weary and know not the distance to the bazaar. Smelling the burning wood I came here. I come in peace, praying for succor."

"Oho, stranger, then rest in peace. Come to the fire. There is both warmth and food here. But who are you? Thy name, wanderer by night?" answered Hejas, pointing to the ground beside him.

"My name is unknown to you as yours are unto me. It is Kanma from afar, sore beset by hunger and fear of these strange shadows. Few travel the roads this night. Those I have encountered spoke nought but the name of Muru, so great was my tribulation, for are not the Muru men of daring with but little sense for the well-being of travelers? Robbers, 'tis said."

The Hindu sank upon his haunches, spreading out his hands to the fire.

"True, the Muru are robbers. Sometimes murderers. 'Tis a pity since you wish to escape them that thou hast chosen to share their fire," said Hejas quietly, watching to see the effect of his words. Ramchandra leant close to the stranger, his knife ready to stop any sudden retreat should he attempt it.

To the surprise of the Muru he made no sign of surprise or movement betraying fear. But, instead, looked slowly from one to the other and said:

"The gods are good to the poor. In my bazaar I am known by another name than Kanma. I have fled, for my life is sought. I am also a hunter of men who carry rupees. A brother, a caste-man in occupation, friends. So peace. Give me food. Tell me of how the Muru first kill while I eat, and then Kanma will tell a better tale."

"O, O, oho," laughed Hejas. "Poor be Abdul the Merchant of Hallebile, and the poorer the morrow night. No three will divide his money, but four. He has enough. Ah, oho, Yi, yai, yai, Abdul could you but hear! Come, Ramchandra, be first to speak unto our guest. 'Tis a good meeting. 'Tis good, oho, oho." Hejas rocked in merriment, throwing his hands above his head towards the over-hanging branches.

"Thy words are true, stranger?" inquired Ramchandra.

"True, friend. They are true. If not, ye are three and I but one," answered Kanma, stuffing rice into his mouth, unconcerned by the black looks of his neighbor.

Ramchandra watched his face intently for a few minutes. Then, only half at ease, his hand dropped away from his knife under the *comblé* and he began to speak.

"My story is simple, and will give but little pleasure to thy ears, stranger, if thou art so great a hunter of men. Once I held a post as Munshi on a coffee estate not two days' journey from this fire. The Sahib for whom I worked, a young dog of pale hair and countenance, possessed a madman's thoughts. He talked much of justice and honesty, and many foolish things of that nature. True, his eyes were sharp upon the books, and I, the Munshi, could do but little to deceive.

"Then came the day when I looked upon a girl who daily drew

water from the river near my house. She was but a Corega, and I, as a Brahmin, dare not touch her in sight of other men; so I waited one night at dusk for her to return from the river, so that no man could cry 'toucher of pariahs.' Ai, yi, how she shrieked as I leapt from out the shadows. Seizing her, I started to drag her to my house, when suddenly the Sahib stepped from among some high grass. He bid me free the girl. 'Twas not fear that made me obey. Nay, Hejas, I read thy thoughts. 'Twas not fear that made me obey.

"The young Sahib said no more that night, but next morn, as I counted the coolies before the daily work, he came from out of his bungalow. He called me to him, where he stood before the pariah coolies, some hundreds in number. I went, suspecting nothing. As soon as I came within reach he drew a shoe from his clothing and struck me on each cheek — with leather. I, Ramchandra, a Brahmin, struck with leather!"

The Hindu spat viciously into the fire before proceeding with his story.

"How those out-caste dogs laughed; jeered at my discomfiture. Well, I remember. Ever may they be cursed. I fled that night to the jungles. Anger within my heart, I lurked near the Sahib's bungalow for some three days. On the third day of waiting I saw him ride away to visit a neighbor. Then I put fire to his house, 'twas the month of April and everything was dry. Aha-yi-ya, how the flames swept about, and as living things did eat that bungalow, while I watched from some shadows near. As I watched I heard a woman's shriek. It was the Sahib's wife who lay helpless, struck with fever. Joy filled my outraged heart, O stranger. Later I learnt that she died amidst the flames. Bhalla-walladu indeed."

"Ho, that is but a Hindu's story. Now listen to my words," began Hejas, as soon as the Hindu had finished.

"I once lived in the bazaar of Nasimpura beyond Shimagur; a merchant in high estimation of my fellow villagers. There also lived in this bazaar my brother, a hairless dwarf, unsightly for a man, though a king of monkeys. He had greater cunning, and grew richer with greater ease than I, Hejas, his brother.

"I sought in marriage a girl of great beauty, the daughter of a wealthy cloth merchant. He would have me not. I, Hejas of

mighty build, possessed of a beard admired by all women, I grew angered, and my fury increased when tidings came that the cloth vendor sought my wealthy brother as husband to his daughter. Oho, can ye think how a monkey could be husband to the fairest flower on earth?

"But entreat as I would, I received only derision and scorn. I became consumed with rage. On the day of my brother's wedding I revenged all insults. Yha, yai, true full revenge was mine. I took the cold petals of the white gharhya flower and brewed the poison from out of them. This blue poison I carried to the merchant's house and gave it into the hands of a servant with a heavy bag of rupees. The woman poured the poison into fresh-made coffee, and, O stranger, merchant, my monkey brother, and alas! the flower of my thoughts, the girl, were dead ere dawn whitened the heavens. The wedding feast lasted but a few hours of night, but a few hours. Now, Yāru, speak."

Yāru stretched and yawned, shrugging his shoulders as if attaching little importance to the telling of how he first took to the jungles.

"I have little to tell. I needed money, and seeing men possessed with more than enough, I took from them. As time grew my eagerness for wealth increased, until it lived as a madness within me, banishing sense from out my thoughts. Then came the day when I struck heavily and killed the man I robbed. Police dogs sought me and I fled, and now Yāru is the Muru's spy."

"Hist! Something moves," murmured Ramchandra.

"Be still — I will see. Be still." Kanma, the stranger, rose from off his heels and stealthily approached the shadows near the bamboos where he had at first entered the clearing.

"'Tis nought but a moving porcupine; all is well. Now I will speak. Yi, my limbs are stiff. I will stand," said the Hindu on returning to the group round the fire. The Muru had watched him enter the bamboos, half afraid, alert, ready to follow and kill had he attempted to escape. They grunted their relief when he came back, his languid manner banishing the suspicion that had momentarily possessed them.

"Now I will speak," announced Kanma in a loud voice, as he stood over Hejas.

"A quiet tongue, fool," growled Ramchandra.

"As you will, friend," Kanma smiled down on the Muru in silence for a while and then spoke in more subdued tones.

"I have said that I am a hunter of men. That is true. I have said my name is Kanma. That is a lie, for it is Sriva, Sriva, who is poor, and who desires the reward offered for the capture of the Muru."

As the words left his lips, Hejas sprang at him, only to receive a blow from a heavy knife that the Hindu had, until that moment, concealed in his dhoti. Hejas fell back dead.

Ramchandra and Yāru, instead of following the example of Hejas, threw themselves on their faces and wailed for mercy. They had seen six young Gowdas jump into the clearing just as their comrade leapt at Sriva, *alias* Kanma. The flicker from the fire on six ugly swords was too much for them, and, being cowards, they gave no fight. Mysore was rid of the Muru.

Old Sriva at the toll hut will tell how, at dawn, the early risers in Shimaglur saw him with his six Gowdas pass down the main street of the bazaar; how the news spread, like wind, throughout the village that the Muru was captured, that two were prisoners and a third, carried dead, between them.

"Ah, Sahib, I, Sriva, was proud as I saw the peoples run from their houses and fill the street, a madly joyous peoples, who prayed for my prosperity, gave curses unto Ramchandra and Yāru, spitting upon the cold face of Hejas. I and my companions received a great reward, and I am since that day a proud man, as I have said."

CONSTITUTION VERSUS DECLARATION

A. WASHINGTON PEZET

STEAMBOATS, locomotives, and the telegraph were invented after our Constitution had gone into effect. Had its framers foreseen the social changes which the scientific revolution would bring about they would doubtless have devised a Constitution more adequate to the vastly different environment of their posterity. We have fallen victim to the very ills of democracy from which they sought to free us. What we need is a new kind of republicanism, in which government shall be in the hands of intelligent minorities.

chaotic mass of unverified dogmas and beliefs, unsystematized facts, ambiguous and contradictory terms and definitions. It is a science as backward as the science of chemistry in the Middle Ages, when the alchemists were searching for a magic elixir and attempting to transmute baser metals into gold; it is no further advanced than was astronomy before that science had been disentangled from astrology and theology.

But the task of modernizing politics is not one that can be accomplished by one man, and certainly it cannot be done within the limitations of a brief paper. My aim here is merely to clarify certain prevalent ambiguities, to give the reader a general idea of the sort of political thinking he must do if politics is ever to be brought out of the nebulae in which it is at present enshrouded. Although I shall devote my attention principally to politics in the United States, we must not lose sight of the general oneness of political problems throughout Western civilization.

From the first there has been a most unfortunate but quiet inevitable duality in the American Government. From the first two wholly antithetical elements have struggled for the mastery of our institutions. The Constitution is the symbol of one of these elements, the Declaration of Independence is the symbol of the other. For convenience we may call these warring elements republicanism and democracy.

THE reconstruction of politics is a two-fold enterprise. There is pure politics, and there is applied politics. Or, otherwise stated, there is the pseudo-science of politics which must be made into a true science, and there is the art of government which must be brought up to a level of excellence commensurate with the demands of civilization. The pure science of politics is today simply non-existent. What passes for it is a

To many it must seem startling that I make a distinction between the terms republicanism and democracy. To such an appalling extent has the obvious necessity for creating a distinction been lost sight of, and so universally are they now used synonymously by politicians, publicists, journalists, and the general public, that it will be necessary to go into the matter of their basic differences at some length.

The word "republic" is generally used to mean any non-monarchical government, and the word democracy to mean any government that derives its powers from the consent of the people. Thus England, though not a republic, is undoubtedly a democracy. And many Latin American nations, though they are certainly not democracies, are obviously republics. These distinctions are all right as far as they go, but they do not go far enough.

A moment's consideration will reveal the fact that there are at least two quite distinct forms which democracy may take. There is that form of government, by the people and for the people, in which the sovereign power is vested directly in the people, retained at all times by them, and exercised by them either directly, or indirectly through the agency of elected delegates subservient to their will. And there is the form of government in which the sovereign powers of the people are diffused among the several organs of the government in accordance with the provisions of a constitution, and in which these powers are exercised by representatives, executives, and judges who are by temperament, intelligence, and training especially fitted to carry on the business of government so that government may be more efficient and the people more free to follow their own pursuits.

Since both of these very different forms of government are democratic and republican, in the common use of the terms, it is essential to create a nomenclature which will distinguish between them. We might call the first "absolute" democracy, and the second "limited" or "constitutional" democracy. But it is the usual fate of such qualifying words to be dropped. Therefore I shall follow the example of the Founding Fathers in calling the first "democracy" and the second "republicanism."

The inherent and basic differences between these two forms of government, though numerous, are easily summarized in one

paramount difference: in a democracy the public officials are delegates of the people, subservient to popular will, and in reality it is the people who govern; in a republic the people elect or select representatives who govern according to laws and their own independent and theoretically expert judgment. In a republic the representative is a free agent, for the duration of his term of office if that is regulated by law, or for as long as he enjoys the confidence of the people if there is no legal limit to his tenure. In a democracy the delegate is merely a practical instrument, albeit an instrument of flesh and blood, for carrying out the will of the people. (To-morrow invention may supercede him with some mechanical device by which the popular will may be better expressed.)

In a republic the representative decides upon any issue before him as an expert, according to his own independent judgment. In a democracy the delegate decides upon any issue before him in accordance with the dictated opinions of his constituents, regardless of his personal judgment in the matter. Moreover, in a democracy each constituency regards itself as The People, and as such is sovereign; and the people's will being supreme, the people are not bound or limited by any constitutional law and may directly alter their constitution as often and as completely as they please. But in a republic, though the government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, that consent is expressed by the constitution, and the sovereignty of the people is never absolute, but strictly limited by the constitutional law which they may not directly change. Such law is a limitation upon their freedom of will and exercise of power, inherited by the living people from those of the people who are no longer living, and which they (the living) as guardians and trustees must bequeath to those yet unborn unimpaired by rash and hasty additions or subtractions. The constitution thus becomes a self-imposed instrument limiting the sovereignty of each living generation in the interests of all the people, those unborn no less than the living.

The greatest republican instrument in the world, the original Constitution of the United States, clearly recognizes the ineluctable rights of the unborn in the magnificent yet simple words of its preamble: "We the People . . . in order . . . to secure the

Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity do ordain and establish this Constitution. . . ." And by the well thought out difficulties the Constitution places in the way of the living, in their exercise of the right of amendment, the interests of posterity are safeguarded. Democracy sweeps away all these safeguards and renders supreme the arbitrary will of those ephemeral groups of the living who constitute the people and give utterance to what is called public opinion.

In a republic Congress is theoretically an assembly of free and independent experts gathered together to deliberate, interchange ideas, and form opinions in accordance with facts, as discussion and inquiry may reveal them. In a democracy the legislative assembly becomes a mere human voting machine existing solely to ascertain the majority's will by counting in units of several thousand instead of in units of one at the polls.

These differences are of profound significance and infinitely far-reaching in their effects. They create a gulf between republicanism and democracy far more abysmal than that which exists between either democracy or republicanism and monarchy. Though the inexactitude of political science has permitted the growth of a loose and ambiguous terminology, though few writers have distinguished between republicanism and democracy as *terms*, no important writer on politics in the past century and a half has failed to distinguish between them as *facts*, whatever may have been the terms by which he labelled them.

So far we have been dealing wholly in theory. In practice all governments are mixtures of many diverse elements. Theoretically the United States is a republic, for the Constitution is essentially a republican instrument, but in practice our government has been growing more and more democratic. This evolution, which most of us regard either with favor or complacency, has been almost wholly detrimental to the quality of our government and consequently injurious to the development of civilization. The reason is to be found in the nature of the evolution, — an evolution away from the modicum of science that had been attained, toward a system of government wholly dependent upon the will and changing opinions of organized militant groups. The republicanism we had attained in the Constitution of 1787 was the result of a long evolution of government begun among the

Teutonic tribes of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, continued in England after their conquest of Britain, and later in the thirteen American Colonies which were settled by the English. It was realistic, — based upon facts and experience and owing next to nothing to political theories of any sort, — and, therefore, as nearly scientific as any government the world had thus far produced.

The democracy to which the Declaration of Independence gave such brilliant utterance was, on the other hand, not the product of evolution, neither realistic nor scientific, but theoretically created out of the *a priori* speculations of seventeenth and eighteenth century philosophers. Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration, was an avowed Democrat, and while it may be that he was not directly influenced by Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, he was certainly quite familiar with the works of John Locke and the other English philosophers who did their share toward shaping democratic doctrines. At any rate the second paragraph of the Declaration is the most perfect literary setting the glittering baubles of democracy have been given:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, — That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, . . .

There is not one of these generalizations that the march of time and the progress of analytical science has not disproved. The first and foremost no man believes in at this day. Today when we speak of equality we mean equality of opportunity. But democracy is built upon the obvious falsehood that men are equal in their mental and moral capacities. And all our most vital institutions and customs are being shaped by this stupendous fallacy. The result is a lopping off of heads that stand above the mass; a feverish shoving up of the obviously unfit; a levelling to a common denominator of dull mediocrity. This in its turn has resulted in a veritable famine in leadership at the hour of history when great leadership is most urgently needed.

The really great men who wrote the Constitution were keenly

alive to the perils of this theoretical democracy. They had had experience with it in those turbulent years between 1776 and 1787. And in the Constitution they drew up they sought to avoid anything that smacked of the nebulous vagaries of democracy. In the words of one of them, Mr. Randolph of Virginia, the purpose of the Constitution "was to provide a cure" for evils whose origin could be traced to "the tribulations and follies of democracy. . . ."

Nevertheless democracy prevailed. The spirit of the democratic Declaration triumphed over the republicanism of the Constitution. Through the advent of Thomas Jefferson to power democratic theories became widely diffused. With the advent of Andrew Jackson there began the steady encroachment of democratic practices. Today, in spite of our republican Constitution, we are subject to all those ills of democracy which the Founders foresaw and sought to avoid in the government they created.

It should be unnecessary to insist that a government should be realistic: that its organization must reflect the real conditions that obtain in the social organism for which it is called upon to govern. If a society is approximately democratic in the equalitarian sense of the word, — that is, if a relative equality exists among the people, — if they are racially, socially, and economically homogeneous; then that society may be called democratic (equalitarian) in fact, and therefore a democratic (equalitarian) form of government will prove less unworkable than with less homogeneous peoples. Such has been the case in Switzerland, Australia, and New Zealand, — countries whose populations are approximately democratic and whose governments, though they have advanced furthest toward democracy, are on the whole adequate to their tasks.

The United States, though once racially homogeneous, has become one of the most heterogeneous of nations. Though formerly there were no great inequalities of intelligence, education, and wealth, today inequalities in all three respects are marked. Today the United States can no longer be regarded as a nation democratic in fact. But it has been the ironic and tragic fate of the United States that its government has grown more democratic in form almost in direct ratio to the degree to which the country

itself has become less democratic in fact. Thus, by becoming not only less and less scientific, but also less and less real, government has become increasingly unfit to perform the great tasks which it must perform if civilization is to be preserved.

The thoughtful reader will be likely to ask, if republicanism is all that I claim for it, why was it possible for the fallacious theories of democracy to undermine it? Why has this devolution from republicanism to democracy taken place?

Everything being a link in the endless chain of cause and effect, we cannot do otherwise than seek for the causes of the rising tide of democracy in some weakness or weaknesses inherent in republicanism itself. A healthy organism can resist the attacks of disease; a weakened one succumbs. Republicanism was the product of an evolution which had taken place before the scientific revolution. When the Constitution of the United States was drafted, men rode to Philadelphia in stage coaches; they lived at the same slow pace at which men had lived for untold ages. In 1807 Fulton invented the steam boat; in 1814 Stephenson invented the locomotive; in 1837 Morse invented the electromagnetic telegraph. Thus, within a few years of the adoption of the Constitution, there began those transformations in human environment which are known collectively as the scientific revolution. But politics remained untouched by science. Because of this, republicanism failed to adapt itself to the stupendous changes which took place in the environment, with the result that inherent defects, inconspicuous and unimportant in the simpler days of the past, now became magnified and made possible the rapid inroads of a parasitic democracy.

The practical problem involved in the reconstruction of politics is to reverse this evolution without running too far counter to the popular prejudices that evolution has aroused. This problem is made comparatively easy by the fortunate circumstance that American democracy is almost wholly extra-legal in character. The Constitution still exists without great alteration. The first task is therefore to return to the republicanism of the Constitution and to permit no further encroachments of democracy. But a return to the republicanism of the Constitution is not of itself sufficient. If we limit our program to that we shall be labelled reactionary and assailed by every militant democrat in the

country. We can return to republicanism only as to a spring-board for a fresh leap. Not the old and lost republicanism, but a new republicanism, which attempts to apply its undying principles to the realities of our present and future needs, should be our aim.

Now what are these principles of republicanism upon which we must build? First, a recognition that the real purpose of all government is to safeguard the interests of the unborn by securing the continuity of civilization. It is conceivable that any living generation might get along without government, but it is inconceivable that the "social heritage" of laws and customs, sciences, arts and crafts which we call civilization could be transmitted to posterity if there existed no human agency for safeguarding such things in the present. Second, that men are created unequal. Third, that being unequal there must exist a minority better qualified to govern than any other. Fourth, that it is the business of the majority to find this minority, to give it the power to govern while holding it strictly accountable and responsible for the right exercise of those powers.

The Constitution of the United States does not state these principles as theories of government. It is not concerned with theories; it is the blue print of a practical government and we deduce these principles from its practical provisions.

Though, as was indicated earlier, the Constitution made ample provision for safeguarding the rights of posterity, it unfortunately failed to create adequate machinery to enable the people to select the governing minority. That is without question its greatest weakness. Then, too, the framers of the Constitution did not foresee the scientific revolution, and so they failed to make provision for the tremendous changes it has brought about in society and in the scope of government's activities.

Our task is to bring republicanism in line with present conditions by remedying these two defects and, by making provision for the changes the continuing scientific revolution must produce in the future, to enable government to evolve in harmony with future changes in civilization.

In his third and final paper Mr. Pezet will discuss the prospect of making government safe for civilization

DIFFERENT GATES TO ONE FAITH

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE

THE difference between the conservative and the liberal in the Church, says this Episcopal rector, is merely a difference in the direction from which they approach the central truth of Christianity. Both those who believe in the physical miracle of the Virgin Birth and those who question this article of the creed, can find God in Christ; notwithstanding the fact that the conservative has found certain traditional gates to faith of such absolute value to him that he is inclined to think that no other gates exist.

NOT only the members of the Church but people generally have been listening with a lively interest to the theological discussions which of late have been so resoundingly carried on. Two ministers hold a series of debates, and Carnegie Hall is crowded to hear them. Metropolitan newspapers, which have a keen sense of what the public wants to hear about, placard sermons on the front page. People

do not know exactly what is going on; but they perceive that there is something in the wind which is exciting. It is like a fire round the corner which may promise a stirring spectacle. The smoke is rolling up, and everybody runs in that direction to see what the blaze may be. In all this, there is not of necessity anything that is very edifying. People may be interested in theological controversy, not because it is theological, but simply because it is controversy. The crowd does not usually assemble to watch two men shaking hands, but it will assemble very rapidly to watch a fight. Charles A. Dana is reputed, probably apocryphally, to have told his reporters that "if a dog bites a man, that is not news; but if a man bites a dog, that is news." If a man bites a man under sufficiently indecorous and unconventional circumstances, that is news also. It will add to the interest of a crowd if the rumor spreads that in the fire round the corner people are busily employed in throwing each other out of the top-story windows.

Some such hopeful idea of a belligerent spectacle has a good deal to do with the interest of the reading public in the present disagreements in the Church. Expectation is whetted if the mood of preachers and theological exponents is believed to be like that of the old minister who, in an earlier day, was once coming out of a convention hall with a friend and fellow minister, who expostulated with him on the vehemence of the theological philippic

which he had just been delivering. "How can you possibly talk that way?" he said, "when you know that I am your friend? How can you speak as though I and everyone else like me would be condemned to eternal punishment because I disagree with you?" Whereat the old minister replied: "I do not say, as a matter of faith, that I believe that everyone who does not hold the right doctrine will be sent to eternal punishment. I only hope so." Beholding that sort of belligerency of spirit among churchmen today, the man in the street is at first startled into interest, and then presently the incongruity of the matter turns his soberer judgment to dislike. "A plague on both your houses!" he says and goes his way.

But is that all of the story? No, of course it is not. For the present popular attention to what is being said and done in the Churches, superficial though it may seem, nevertheless may be made to have wholesome results through a process of explanation by which that attention is led on through the passing clamor into the presence of certain deep facts that underly it. Behind the controversies of today, there do lie mighty springs of conviction and of life. It is for the chance of trying to uncover some of these that I value the request which the Editor of *THE FORUM* has made that I write what I am writing now.

To begin with, it is an astonishing fact that Christianity in this twentieth century should grip men's vital concern in the way in which it does. The question as to whether religious leaders in their discussions about religion always have good manners, is superficial. The deeper question has to do with the wonder that there should be any discussion at all. From the amount of feeling it arouses and from the very fact that even the daily newspapers see it can become a burning issue, there is evidently something in Christianity which involves tremendous energies. One may say that "that is nothing new. We have known that all the time." But the thing which we know and take for granted because of long familiarity is one of the sheer miracles of history.

Consider:

All the interest in Christianity today, whether that interest show itself in the superficial foam of ecclesiastical controversy, or in the deep quiet tide of devotional life and spiritual service, goes back to the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, who for not more

than three years at the utmost proclaimed His message in a small province of the Roman Empire nineteen hundred years ago. He attained no worldly rank and held no position of official influence. He was bitterly hated by the influential classes of His own people and ignored by the higher authorities of Rome. When His life came to an end, He did not rise to any obvious triumph. On the contrary, He came to His end on a cross, which was the most ignominious instrument of Roman execution, set up between the crosses of two thieves. To His enemies, that seemed a manifest and sufficient evidence that all the contemptuous hatred they had felt for Him was justified. The imposture of His life's supposed importance was ended once for all. "He saved others," they cried derisively, "Himself He cannot save." When the night came down upon that day of crucifixion, when the Roman guard fell into line and clanked away to its garrison, and the crowd streamed back into the city, it looked as if that broken figure against the sky was sufficient witness that His enemies and detractors had prevailed. He was dead and done for. Nobody need have any concern that His influence would trouble the world any more.

That is exactly the way the fact seemed on the day of Jesus' crucifixion, and that is what seemed to be the whole fact. But for all the crass and cruel appearances which seemed to be on their side, it was the enemies of Jesus, and not Jesus Himself who were destined to be set at naught. Nineteen hundred years have gone by, and the power of Jesus lives as a mighty fact in a world inconceivably more vast than the little province in which He died. In sculptured cathedrals and in little frontier churches, among civilized nations and out among the most backward tribes where the missionaries have carried the Gospel, men bow in reverence at His Name. The Cross which used to be a shame and a foolishness has become a glory. We are not thinking of explanations now. We are only contemplating the fact, and the fact is one of the inexhaustible miracles in the history of the world.

We shall not truly understand the theological discussions of our day, therefore, until we remember that men are discussing, not a triviality, but the meaning of the Life which has proved itself one of the gigantic factors in the history of the human mind and soul. In theologies and creeds and official statements men are trying, — even as all through the centuries they have been trying, — to

express that limitless significance of the life and spirit of Jesus, which glows as the white-hot metal of a conviction before it is poured into the mold of any creed.

It is in this atmosphere of the significance of the life of Jesus that we must consider the meaning of the discussion about the Virgin Birth, if we would understand that. The feeling of the conservatives is perfectly intelligible to anyone who will consider the value with which that article of the creed is bound up in their own thought. They believe that Jesus would cease to mean all that He has meant in the spiritual life of men if the Virgin Birth should cease to be believed in.

To a great many people, there seems no logical connection here. They can appreciate how religious people wish to preserve unhurt the beauty and fullness of that influence of Jesus which has come down through the centuries; but they cannot see what earthly difference it makes in His effect upon men's souls whether He was born by a physical miracle or whether He was not. But to the theological conservative, it does make a difference, and this is the reason why.

To the conservative, — by which I mean the man who instinctively keeps close to tradition in theology, — a belief in the physical miracle of birth for Jesus is the intellectual gate by which alone he finds straight access to a conviction which is religiously vital, — namely, that in Jesus the fullness of the invisible God has come down into human expression.

There are two ideas about Jesus, and they differ widely, not merely in theological clothing, but in actual pragmatic value. One idea would rest content with the belief that in Him we have the highest achievement of humanity. He is the spiritual mountain peak towering above all lesser heights, thrusting up most grandly toward the sky. He is man at his highest, man most filled with the consciousness that points the way to God. It is obvious that such a conception of Jesus is beautiful and inspiring; but it is equally obvious that it leaves empty spaces in the depths of human desire for what men want to know. For this would still leave men saying to themselves, "In Jesus we know what man ought to be like when he reaches up toward God. But do we know what God is like? We are trying to get to Him. But is He trying to come to us? May there, after all, be vast elements in the

nature of God which do not correspond to this aspiration of the human soul which we see in Jesus? Jesus was loving. But is God really loving? Jesus valued the least of human souls. But does God stoop to the lowly? Jesus we can understand. But can we understand God?" That is where we are left if we think of Jesus as only the farthest adventure and discovery of the human spirit out into the realms of the infinite.

But the result is wholly different when one follows the historic faith of Christendom. According to that faith, Jesus was not only an excursion of human excellence upward. He is the incursion of God's reality coming down to us. In Him we may feel that the finite and the infinite are linked, and that the great tides from the ocean of God flood full into our human life. Believing this, the Christian can believe that though, with his limited knowledge, he cannot know all that there is of God, yet, nevertheless, there will be nothing in God which is inconsistent with what he does know in Jesus. All the beginning and end of reality find their focus in that great soul. What Jesus was is not only what man courageously in his lonely effort must try to be. It is what God is and therefore what the God in man is destined to become.

Mark now the crucial difference between the conservative and the liberal in the Christian Churches, — at least in the Presbyterian and Episcopal communions, within which most of the theological discussion happens to have been raised of late. The difference is not a difference concerning what it is that Christians are seeking in Jesus. Conservative and liberal alike would agree that in Him they find the fullness of the godhead bodily, and that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. But the difference has to do with the question of the approaches, whether one or more than one, by which men can enter into this conviction of God in Christ. The conservative finds certain traditional gates of such absolute value for him that he is inclined to think that no other gates exist; and confronted with the apparent fact that other persons who have not come through his gate somehow have arrived at the same conviction in which he wants to dwell, he either declares that the apparent presence of the liberals in any such proper theological environment is an hallucination contrary to the facts, or else that, if he is there, he climbed up over the wall without a ticket and ought to be put out. Whereas what the

liberal is maintaining is that the circuit of the walls is wide, and that there really are gates on the other side through which he has come into the Holy City, and that the Holy City is quite the same place to him as it is to his conservative brother who has come up the more traveled way.

Speaking specifically concerning the creedal article as to the Virgin Birth, the difference between the conservative and the liberal is not a difference of destination *to* which but of direction *from* which they come. Both want to find God in Christ. The point is as to how they will find Him. The conservative must find Him through his belief in a physical miracle of birth for Jesus, because he starts from a certain fixed conception of God. Sometimes it would seem that the conservative theological apologist, intensely Christian though his purpose be, is not imaginatively sensitive to the mind of Jesus in the instinctive concept of God from which his own thought proceeds. He is thinking of God rather in terms of that old and deeply inherited Jewish influence which sets God far away from the world of men. He is a dread power on a distant throne. His nature is identified with a holy and awful removedness. When He is to be revealed, therefore, in the world of men, it must be by some act contrary to the usual physical course of things, miraculous or apocalyptic, a breaking in of a power which reveals itself to be of God because it is so unusual and unlike what man would expect. Consequently, for God to bridge the gap between Himself and man, He must do it by a physical miracle. God being so distinct from man, and different in His very substance, can only be thought of as introducing Himself fully into human nature by a recondite process in which the God-substance of one sort is directly joined to the human substance of another sort. Latent in this whole conception of God are ideas of a distinction conceived under physical analogies, which make the physical miracle of birth the logical necessity for those who start from that fundamental preconception.

On the other hand, the liberal in the conservative Churches today who attaches less value than formerly to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth literally interpreted as a physical miracle, does so, not because he loves the Incarnation less, but because he believes he loves and cherishes it the more. He believes, with the conservative, that "the very message of the Gospel is that it was

God who came Himself in the person of Jesus Christ to dwell among men." But he desires to think of God, as truly as he is able, through no other final authority than that of the mind of Jesus. Listening to Jesus Himself and trying to understand the whole tenor of His communication of truth to His disciples, he learns that God is a spirit. He perceives also that the very genius of the Gospel, as Jesus taught it, was the marvelous nearness of God to man.

He reads the parable of the prodigal son and learns that even the least worthy and erring human life is the child of God, toward whom the Father goes out while he is yet a great way off. He learns that the essential basis of communion and union between God and man is not some miraculous blending of different substances but an interpenetration of man's spirit with that holy and perfect Spirit of God after whose nature he was created. Therefore he thinks of the supreme Incarnation of Jesus Himself as an Incarnation of the Spirit. If the Holy Ghost breathed above the birth of Jesus, if into that lovely obedience of the pure-souled Mary God's Spirit came, so that that which was born of her was the entrance of the personal reality of the very God into a human body through which He might reveal Himself, then questions as to a physical miracle seem to him mere integuments of a former way of thought, which has had its clear historic value and for many has its value still, but for him is unessential to the holy and luminous spiritual fact which to him is the true meaning of the Incarnation. However men interpret that article in the creed, the mightiness of the soul of Jesus and of its influence upon our race remains unchanged. That is the center of Christian adoration, and that is the sufficient miracle.

There remains, of course, the question which, because of the limitation of space to which I am subjected, I cannot adequately discuss. Regardless of one's opinion as to whether the doctrine of a physical miracle of birth is spiritually helpful or not, must that doctrine be held in the Church to represent a fact, to be accepted regardless of opinion? Concerning that, the liberal may answer again in the conservative's words. Bishop Manning, preaching lately in the Cathedral in New York, says: "We believe in the widest freedom of inquiry and of scholarly research. We welcome eagerly all the light that scholarship and science can

give." That is what, very reverently, the liberals also would repeat, saying what they mean, and meaning what they say. Much light comes to men in the course of earnest Christian thought and study. Both conservatives and liberals reinterpret those articles in the creed which speak of the resurrection of the body and the ascent into heaven, retaining their content of spiritual meaning, yet altering them so from the original form in which they were thought and visualized that unquestionably a disciple of the first century might complain that the fact itself had been denied. Quite categorically in the Book of Acts, there is described an ascension of the body of Jesus, by which He went up from the earth through the cloud and into the heaven above. Had a twentieth-century Christian come to the original readers of that account and told them of the Copernican ideas of the solar system, told them that heaven is not there above the blue arch of the sky, but is a reality to be conceived in terms of spirit and not of direction and of space, undoubtedly those disciples would have said, not only that the form of their faith was being altered, but all the fact of it, so far as they were concerned, was being denied and taken away. Nevertheless, the conservatives in the Church, as well as the liberals, recognize today that the article in the creed concerning the ascension into heaven retains its beautiful spiritual value of a proclamation of the enduring authority of the Spirit of Jesus through all our tremendous changes of conception of the way in which He may have gone away. Precisely on that same ground, the liberal says of the accounts of the Virgin Birth that these also, so far as the idea of a physical miracle of birth is concerned, may be the dramatic and poetic fashion in which men of the first century clothed their sense of the uniqueness of Jesus.

That Jesus is unique, the reverent liberal confesses with all his heart. Only he proclaims the right to believe that that uniqueness is independent of the question of the physical method of His coming. Nay rather, he thinks he sees that the blessed helpfulness of the life of Jesus can for many people be made more glorious when they think of His Incarnation wholly as the spiritual miracle of the perfect expression in Him of the God who always presses so close to man that no miraculous birth is needed for God to span a gulf of separation, which indeed is not there.

THE SOCIAL DESTINY OF RADIO

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

NOW that the novelty of radio is wearing off and we have all recognized it de facto, so to speak, we are beginning to foresee the day when it will have to be recognized de jure as an official instrument of mass appeal. Mr. Kaempffert believes that its most significant service will be in making vast numbers of geographically scattered people think in unison. It may even establish English as a universal language. Certain foreign stations are already finding it expedient to broadcast their important messages in English.

N O longer do we hear the criticism that radio can never become a useful instrumentality of communication because secrecy is impossible. We have thrown secrecy to the winds. Broadcasting thrives because it is so dazzlingly public. Even if some ingenious inventor were to devise an apparatus which would make it possible to prevent eavesdropping, the entertainment and instruction of millions simultaneously would still remain radio's chief function. In its broadcasting aspect radio is a powerful instrument of mass appeal, and therein lies its immense advantage over the telegraph and the telephone.

What we have now is but the archeological beginning, — something that bears about the same relation to radio of the future that the scratchings of prehistoric cave men bear to photography. It is certain that receiving instruments will become more and more compact, more and more responsive. Already we have sets no larger than a suit case, sets of very short range, to be sure, but indicative of what the future will surely develop. A pocket-receiver far more accurate than our more cumbrous instruments of 1924 is sure to be developed. Who knows but five or ten years hence we shall carry such receivers around with us? Whether we are at sea or in the woods, we shall place the little telephones to our ears, and we shall tap the ether and hear the baseball score, news of the election, a plea for help from some starving foreign community. But yesterday we read in the newspapers of radio music heard on a moving train. Tomorrow we shall find radio telephones in the cabins of every passenger ship, and by their means we shall call up our homes to inquire about Aunt Jane's health or baby's tooth.

At present, broadcasting stations are far too eclectic. They give

us market reports, stock quotations, orchestral music, plays, bedtime stories for children, hygienic advice, lectures on how to make money, and weather reports, — all on prescribed wave lengths. Ultimately, broadcasting material will be more nicely classified. One station will give us only opera and symphonic music; another dance music and music hall songs; a third news and stock quotations. Hence the receiving set of the future may possibly be provided with tuning dials bearing such legends as "market reports," "musical comedy," "news," and "lectures." We shall turn the dials to the proper legend and listen to that type of entertainment or instruction which happens to appeal to us at the moment.

There are only about one hundred and fifty practical wave lengths at present. This limited number brings up a question which has already become pressing, a question that perplexes governments. If we were all permitted to tell stories or sing to one another on any wave length that we may select, the ether would be reduced to something like the New York Stock Exchange when all the brokers are shouting at once. Every government has, therefore, been compelled to play the part of an ethereal traffic policeman. It classifies the ether according to wave-lengths and assigns particular wave-lengths to certain types of stations. As time goes on there must be more and more of this official supervision. Stations even now interfere with one another despite governmental policing. In the United States we often hear two of them at once in a curious Dadaistic mingling of jazz and an elucidation of the Mellon plan for reducing the income tax. It may become necessary to restrict broadcasting to a few stations scattered over the country from Maine to California. We may have to divide all the thought that we wish to assimilate into one hundred classes and license only one hundred stations, — each a purveyor of special information or entertainment.

Present day broadcasting is an astounding anomaly. We have all free tickets to the greatest radio show on earth; for we can listen without a license. On the other hand, the stations, about five hundred and eighty in number, must apply for licenses to entertain or educate us at their own expense, an arrangement that ought to satisfy the most disgruntled communist. Manufacturers of radio apparatus, dealers in radio supplies, department stores,

newspapers, colleges, even churches vie with one another in endeavoring to catch the electro-magnetic ear of the country with songs, symphonies, plays, lectures, and sermons. Surely, the world has never before witnessed such extraordinary zeal in making the most of a new medium of communication, and this with no immediate prospect of profit. A broadcasting station of continental range is operated at an expense that varies from five thousand to twelve thousand dollars a month. The manufacturer of radio apparatus who maintains such a station may conceivably derive some indirect financial benefit from it because he sells tubes, coils, transformers, and whole receiving sets. But what of the department store in Newark that inundates every state from California to Maine with its bed-time stories for children and its operatic arias? Is the radiation of its name to millions who will never buy a cravat or a yard of ribbon over its counters worth the price? The agricultural colleges that toss into the ether advice to farmers on the proper growing of alfalfa and the churches that conceive it their mission to turn the footsteps of distant, invisible sinners toward the altar may well regard the radio station as a proper instrument for widening their influence.

There are fewer broadcasting stations this year than there were last; there will be fewer next year than there are now. The many stations that now strive to outdo one another will eventually give place to perhaps a few score located at strategic points. There are signs that singers, actors, editors, and lecturers are wearying of giving their professional services to radio gratuitously. The novelty has somewhat lost its charm. And there are other, less ephemeral methods for securing the publicity coveted by the platform or stage luminary.

Only a fantastically optimistic prophet cherishes the illusion that radio will supplant the millions of miles of wire and the complex switchboards of our telephone systems. On the other hand, radio and the telephone clearly supplement each other. Broadcasting is already a function of the telephone company. Programs will be switched from station to station by telephone wire. Much of the present unnecessary interference will then disappear. Even now the stage is connected by telephone wire with the broadcasting station so that millions hear Shakespeare's lines as they are declaimed during an ordinary performance. It is possible for

the President of the United States thus to connect himself with half a dozen broadcasting stations and to address himself to the entire country by the living word. In the future, drama, music, entertainment will be collected where it is available and transmitted to distant stations. In these primitive days of broadcasting a prima donna obligingly motors, trolleys, or otherwise transports herself to the radio "studio," there to plant herself before a transmitter. In the future she will sit at home, and give her full-throated best, clad in comfortable slippers and dressing gown, and the radio audience will be none the wiser.

There still remains the problem of making broadcasting a profitable enterprise. The American Telegraph and Telephone Company believes that broadcasting can be made to pay for itself as popular magazines and newspapers pay for themselves — by advertising. Good music, good lectures are radiated at the company's expense for a certain number of hours; other hours are devoted to paid advertising. It must not be supposed that this advertising is of the blatant, self-assertive variety that dins the virtues of a new mattress or building material into the public mind. Indeed, it is hardly recognizable as such. A department store pays several hundred dollars an hour for the privilege of announcing that its band will play the latest Broadway hits. Or a manufacturer of soaps and perfumes modestly announces that one of his representatives will deliver a lecture on the preparation of attar of roses. There is no attempt to extol the merits of a trademarked product, no harping on well-worn advertising slogans. If this be advertising it commands attention because of its self-effacement. If the radio audience is bored, it simply glides to another wave-length and the advertiser dies then and there with a peculiar squawk, just as if some giant hand had mercifully choked him, his sweetness wasted on the desert air.

This plan of renting a radio station clearly has its possibilities. But it is not the final solution of the problem of making broadcasting a profitable business enterprise. Perhaps the Federal government and our municipalities may be compelled to assume the task of broadcasting lectures, opera, and news. If cities pay bands to play in public parks and hire lecturers to deliver courses on economics in schools, there is nothing astonishing in the suggestion. An instrument of mass-appeal with the possibilities of

radio will not be permitted to fall into desuetude. Nor is it likely that it must forever be dependent on advertising to pay the huge fees that will ultimately be demanded by great violinists, singers, and orators.

We used to call the telegraph and telephone "space annihilators." Space annihilation, indeed! Not until radio conquered the home did we know what the term meant. How many of us ever telegraphed or telephoned even so far as a hundred miles? To call "long distance" and ask for a number in a far-distant city, to send a telegram across the continent, is almost an historic event for one who is not a man of large affairs. What are two hundred miles in radio? Denver is heard every day in hundreds of New York homes; Chicago in San Francisco. Space annihilation? We are witnessing the process in three million homes. And within five years we shall witness it in ten millions. No prediction of radio's sociological future can be so wild, so fantastic that even the most unimaginative engineer will dismiss it as impossible of realization. Jeritza may sing "Tosca" in New York, while London, Chicago, and Fort Worth thrill rythmically with the few thousand who are fortunate to see as well as to hear her in the Metropolitan Opera House. Who can help conjuring up a vision of a super radio university educating the world, of a super orchestra bringing out the beauty of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to millions on both sides of the Atlantic, of a super newspaper reaching whole continents not by the printed word but by the living voice? Every home has the potentiality of becoming an extension of Carnegie Hall or Harvard University.

Minds can be detonated like explosives. A twitch of the finger and a gun is discharged. The printed word has inspired protests and reforms enough, but it takes time for the printed word to circulate. The ether pervades everything. Let a legislator now commit himself to some policy that is obviously senseless, and the editorial writers must first proclaim his imbecility to the community. But let the radiophone in the legislative halls of the future flash his absurdities into space and a whole state hears them at once. Perhaps oratory may flourish again as it did in the days of Greece and Rome. What a success Demosthenes would have been in these days of broadcasting!

We have only to recall the history of the motion picture to

realize the dramatic possibilities of radio. The film silenced the drama and gave us exciting photographic pantomime. Similarly, radio is giving us the sightless drama, the ear-play, the dramatic composition that depends solely on spoken words for its effect. Sound, dissociated from the human face, is acquiring a new significance. Squeaks, howls, hisses, cackles, moans, crashes, the whole gamut of phonetic expression of which tongue, throat, and mechanical instrument are capable will be to the radio playwright what painted scenery is to the film director. The thunder-machine, the quart of peas shaken in a pan to simulate the beating of rain on a roof, the locomotive whistle, the fire-gong, the blacksmith's anvil, all the noise-producing paraphernalia of the melodrama will be the tools of the ear-play director. "Launcelot is galloping down the road" shouts the heroine exultantly, and we shall hear the beating hoofs of his charger. Perhaps the press will engage special critics to tell us what they think of these ear-plays. And shall we read enticing mail-order advertisements headed "Big Money in Radio Elocution — Learn at Home How to Entertain Millions"?

There is such a thing as "screen personality" the motion picture directors tell us. Already broadcasting directors are convinced that there is also a "voice personality." It follows that we may have the radio equivalent of Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary Pickford. Fabulous sums may yet be paid to the men or women who have radio voices. And what a priceless advantage they will have over their colleagues of the screen! They may grow fat and old; they may lose hair and teeth; they may hobble to the transmitter on crutches; but if the voice quality by which they have established their reputations is preserved, the passage of time will have no terrors for them.

The steam engine, the railway, the telephone, the telegraph, the postal service have made Europe what it is today as much as the signing of Magna Charta and the French Revolution; communication has had as profound an effect in emancipating the European peasant as the overthrow of kings and feudal lords.

The Roman Empire was merely basted and not sewn together. Only armies and a few merchants travelled. Emperors, satraps, governors came and went, but the life of Rome's tributary states was scarcely changed. A few pessimistic students of English

history assume that the British Empire, sprawling over large areas in the East and West, must ultimately collapse. They cite the separation of the United States and the growing national sense of Canada, New Zealand, and Australia as evidences of decay. They forget that time and not distance is the controlling factor in communication, that this is the age of electricity and not of the frigate and the horse, and that it took a month for a message to reach an outlying province in the time of Caligula. European empires were dropping asunder before the nineteenth century, with the exception of Russia; the steamship and the telegraph held the British dominions together and enabled them to grow with a rapidity inconceivable before 1850. Communication means organization, and radio, particularly in its broadcasting aspect, will prove to be the most potent unifying influence that has appeared since the railway and the telegraph were invented. It must knit the dominions of Great Britain more closely together than ever. In a few years (even now the feat is technically possible) London and Delhi will talk to each other by way of the ether; the Prime Minister will be electrically as close to Asia as if it were in the next room.

As radio thus develops internationally, language barriers will be broken down. There were noticeable differences of speech in America long after the founding of the republic simply because it took a fortnight to travel from Boston to Philadelphia by coach. Because the railway has made it possible for alien peoples to mingle freely, because the more powerful commercial and military nations have forced their languages upon the weaker, because the telephone and telegraph demand the use of the major European tongues, an educated European business man now finds it necessary to learn English, French, and German, and with these three he can deal with Turks, Russians, Greeks, Dutchmen, and Scandinavians. In sheer commercial self-defence the intelligent Roumanian, Hungarian, Pole, and Russian must learn one or more of the great European languages. The Bulgarian or Czech who speaks only his native tongue is jailed in a language prison. If Europe for the purpose of international intercourse has tended to reduce itself to the use of three languages after space and time destroying means of communication were introduced, who will deny that radio will bring about a more pronounced

unification of speech? The transformation must come to pass if the English lecture delivered from London or New York is to be understood in Milan or Rio de Janeiro. It so happens that the United States and Great Britain have taken the lead in broadcasting. If that lead is maintained it follows that English must become the dominant tongue. Even now one Dutch station finds it necessary to radiate its utterances in English.

Unless the European governments permit radio to develop naturally, the United States and Great Britain, with stations located in the principal colonies of the Empire, will succeed in reducing French and German to mere subsidiary broadcasting languages. In a generation radio can do more toward making English the language of the world than would be possible in a century of international railroading, telegraphing, and cabling. The most numerous and powerful broadcasting stations are now American; the most captivating programs are those of American stations; the foremost political orators, preachers, actors, editors, authors, and artists have addressed hundreds of thousands in English. Compared with our radio efforts at mass entertainment and mass education, European competition is pathetic. All ears may eventually be cocked to hear what the United States and Great Britain have to say. Europe will find it desirable, even necessary, to learn English.

Look at a map of the United States, of Canada, of any country, and try to conjure up a picture of what radio broadcasting will eventually mean to the hundreds of little towns that are set down in type so small that it can hardly be read. How unrelated they seem! Then picture the tens of thousands of homes in the cities, the valleys, along the rivers, homes not noted at all on the map. These little towns, these unmarked homes in vast countries seem disconnected. It is only an idea that holds them together,—the idea that they form part of a territory called “our country.” One home in Chicago might as well be in Zanzibar so far as another in Massachusetts is concerned, were it not for this binding sense of nationality. If these little towns and villages so remote from one another, so nationally related and yet physically so unrelated, could be made to acquire a sense of intimacy, if they could be brought into direct contact with one another!

This is exactly what radio is bringing about. The telegraph and

the telephone did much to weave us into a political and economic fabric, but a coarse fabric with wide meshes. How fine is the texture of the web that radio is even now spinning! It is achieving the task of making us feel together, think together, live together. The actual voices of Presidents and Governors are heard by the people with telepathic swiftness and directness. No longer will we be content with cold, impersonal type for the conveying of proclamations and messages to us. The President of the United States is a real personality, — something more than a political abstraction bearing a familiar name and harboring an official mansion popularly called the "White House." We have heard him, — millions of us at the same time. He has literally entered the home when the occasion justified an appeal to the country *viva voce*.

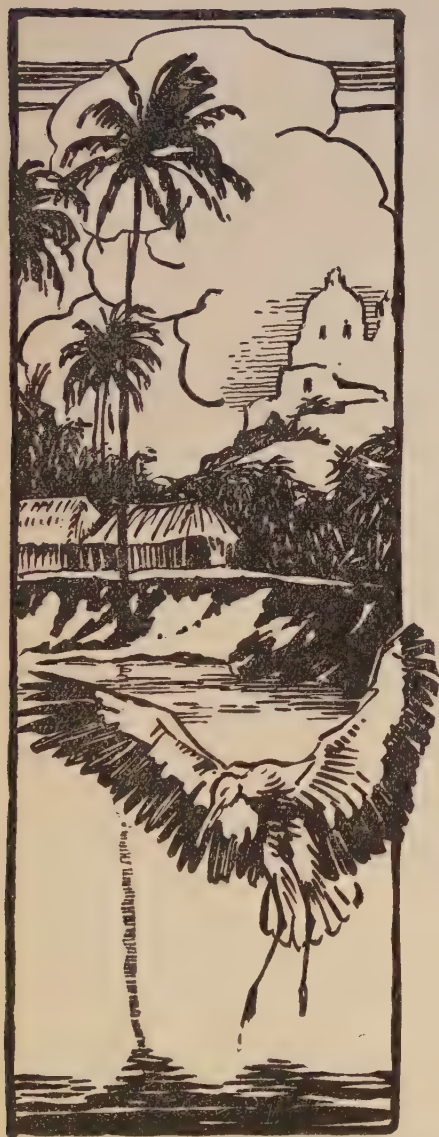
Because the whole continent is thus transformed into a huge auditorium, Dr. Foster of Newark felt constrained to open a radio sermon with the apology: "I cannot address you as citizens of Newark because my voice is being heard beyond the limits of the city. I cannot address you as fellow Americans because my voice is heard perhaps in Cuba, in Canada, and in Central America. I cannot address you as brethren of my faith, because only a very insignificant part of the great number who are listening are of my own faith. And, therefore, I must address you as fellow human beings."

Here we catch a glimpse of broadcasting's social destiny. A single personality is converted into an electrical sun; its vocal radiance penetrates mountains and walls as light passes through glass. You look at the cold stars overhead, at the infinite void around you. It is almost incredible that all this emptiness is vibrant with human thought and emotion.

ALVARADO TO TLACOTALPAN

VINCENT STARRETT

Drawings by C. LeRoy Baldrige



STEVENSON would have loved it. I cannot recall our inland voyage without that thought. I was thinking of Stevenson throughout, and I would have given that proverbial little finger for his company. A great many little fingers would be sacrificed if only human wishes were potent enough.

Alvarado to Tlacotalpan has a fine sound to it. A shrewd guesser might conceive a parchment communication from the doughty captain of Cortez to an Aztec prince, or, perhaps, princess. But a shrewd guesser is inevitably wrong in Old Mexico. It is a journey of just twenty-two miles by steamer between two picturesque and historic points; but it is as fascinating a journey in miniature as the amateur traveler can ask of his fortune. Stevenson the vagabond would have loved it; Stevenson the writer would have immortalized it in green covers with a frontispiece by Walter Crane.

We had arrived in Alvarado by train from Vera Cruz,—

the Major, the Doctor, and I. A larger party was scheduled, but a rumor of smallpox and yellow fever, down Tlacotalpan way, served to recall a number of prior engagements of considerable importance. Then the typical Mexican train was recalcitrant; the jolly little tea-kettle engine refused to function, and there were other complications of an unbelievable and exasperating nature. Leaving the seaport promptly three hours late, we lost time steadily and reached Alvarado as dinner was being served.

A short walk along the railroad track, under a blistering sun, brought us within swearing distance of the Hotel Olympia, a two-story frame shack before which, on a sagging line, fluttered the week's washing like an array of storm signals. A turgid river flowed past. Flanking the stream, a hot white pavement hummed with the comparative activity of sweating stevedores. A cloud of insects danced before our approach. Under the sting of sun and fly we progressed to the caravansary, and climbing the heat-warped steps to the hurricane deck fell into chairs and waited for a breeze from the river. In the distance, as if to mock us, sounded the boom of the sea.

Dinner, ordered by the Major in fluent Spanish, arrived before the breeze, — a dubious ensemble calling for faith, hope, and charity, — and with it we began a furtive flirtation. But the shrimps and oysters, although gathered from warm water, turned out to be excellent, and under the whip of appetite we forgot our qualms and fared bravely. I have no more stirring memory than the Major's experienced calisthenics with fork and fan, alternately brandished.

A bold, bright eye was upon us as we dined: a rolling, flashing eye, alive with irresponsible happiness; but the meal was well advanced before we noted it. Then there burst upon us from the other side of the long chamber a gust of sonorous Spanish song, and we turned in surprise for our first glimpse of the musical half-wit. A square of sunlight, hot and quivering from a side window, fell full upon the singer, and we saw that he was grossly fat and encased in yellow pongee. A frail mustache blackened his upper lip; the rolling lower was turned down like that of a stubborn child, as he trolled his song. But his eyes were glad and shining, and he rolled them from side to side in melodic ecstasy as he sang, turning them from one to the other of us with winning

impartiality. He could have been no more than thirty, and his voice was refined and agreeable.

It was sufficiently obvious that we were the objects of this complimentary outburst. We ceased our vulgar eating for a moment and politely sat at attention.

"*Una negrita se enamoro*," he plaintively warbled. A negro girl had fallen in love!

He reached for a top note and failed.

"Lost his upper register," murmured the Major, noting the look of pained resignation that followed the fiasco. "He had a corking voice, last time I was here; but his top notes were beginning to weaken."

"Bravo, Gabriel!" he called to the singer. We applauded heartily. The fat youth's face brightened. "Encore, Caruso!" added our spokesman.

The half-wit's smile widened. He bowed his head at this fine acknowledgment, and swept into another song. Abandoning lyric rapture, he essayed a difficult aria from *Marina*, a Spanish operetta of great popularity. His virtuosity was amazing. He rose to frenzied staccato appeals, and drooped to whispered entreaties so low that we could scarcely catch the tremor of his breath.

But alas for human hopes! Again the failing voice betrayed him. A sustained high passage beset his way, difficult enough for a trained tenor. He took it valiantly, faltered, then abruptly stopped, a strangled whisper clucking in his throat. Tears stood in his eyes; his shrug was eloquent and pathetic. But, undaunted,



silently beating time with a huge white hand, he passed the dangerous stretch and thereafter proceeded vocally to the end.

Our applause was noisy. With better judgment we might have moderated our appreciation, for carried away by his success the singer plunged at once into a new frenzy, and in the end exhausted his repertoire. Unabashed, he began again with "*Una negrita. . .*"

The Major smiled helplessly. "No use trying to stop him," he muttered. "He imagines he is giving us great pleasure. I know him. He is the son of the proprietress, and quite harmless. And morning, noon, and night he sings!"

So we finished our meal in apologetic fashion, rewarding the singer with an approving nod at the close of every number, and retreated in good order to the top of the stairs. There we shook his hand warmly, and the Major jovially thumped him on the shoulder.

"*Adios, Gabriel!*" said the Major. "*Adios, Caruso!* We shall meet again. Thank you for your music."

And we trooped rhythmically down the stairs to the tune of the negro girl who had fallen in love. Beyond this initial circumstance, I am still uninformed concerning the young negress, even the Major's Spanish being unequal to the task of picking her further misadventures out of Gabriel's narration.

Venders of coconuts and bananas obstructed our path to the quay, but we ran the gauntlet of their seductions without faltering, and reached the upper deck of the little river steamer that was to carry us to Tlacotalpan. Skins were being piled on the under deck, and bags of something, and a sinful activity was apparent all about us, with the temperature neck and neck with Hades.

We drew away from the pier without demonstration, and from the rippled bay beyond the river's arm comprehended a view of Alvarado that marked the spot forever in the memory. A line of sand dunes rose directly back of the port, beyond which reared groves of graceful palms, their plumed foliage advertising the dense jungle stretching inland. The settlement itself, white and blue and green against a green and yellow background, advanced up the steep slope from the waterside in a series of terraces, one ridge above the other, the crumbling masonry of its ancient

dwelling blazing hot under the afternoon sun, its only visible life on the waterfront. A quaint, old-fashioned fishing village that would seem to have changed but little since the days of that Pedro, centuries before, who gave it his name. Vignetted against a blue-white vault, it was a picture of incredible loveliness.

The town stands almost at the tip of a peninsula formed by sea and river and bay, and the view from the mouth of the Papaloapam is one of extraordinary beauty. Splendid yellow cliffs, green-crowned, are on either side of the water, and remotely through what appears to be a cleft in the cliffs flashes a steely point of silver that is the sea, whose distant booming hangs in the surrounding atmosphere. Standing upon the deck of the throbbing packet, we exclaimed rapturously; then as we drew farther and yet farther away, Alvarado began to fade out like a picture on the screen. In a little while we left the bay and entered the river; a sharp curve followed, and in an instant the village was gone.

The sun stood high and hot above us, and from its position we knew that we were journeying southeast. Under our stern the busy wheel churned the green water into cream. We lay back languidly in inadequate chairs, smoking native cigars. Almost at once an island loomed before us, long and narrow, splitting cleanly in two halves the half-mile expanse of opalescent fire, and offering us a choice of streams. We took the left-hand channel, and suddenly the front of the islet fell away and a wide harbor opened on our right, its shoreline thick with tangled tropical vegetation. Dense foliage and interlacing vines came down to the water's edge and threw a cooling shade over the bay. Far back, a forest of royal palms waved in lordly magnificence over the creeping scrub, and through a rift in the riant luxuriance of leaves we glimpsed the gables of an extensive frame dwelling.

A tiny lagoon opened into the harbor, running back by tortuous windings to the ranch house we had seen. And after all my reading and longing, here at length was a pirate cay. No imagination was required to work the spell; the glamour of old scenes and old murders was over the enchanted spectacle.

The Major spoke oracularly. "That is where milady's hat comes from."

I followed the Doctor's verifying finger and saw, solemn and motionless upon a piece of driftwood, a gorgeous blue heron.

Undisturbed by our passing, the splendid bird continued unmoved upon a stilt-like single limb, incuriously watching us until we had left it behind. A second heron appeared, nearer shore; and then a half dozen, milk-white and magnificent, woke with a splash and soared away before the advent of a native canoe, which darted out of the lagoon and started across the bay propelled by a naked Indian with a single paddle.

The Major resumed his rôle of Handbook of Natural Curiosities; but happily I have forgotten all he said.

Some five miles beyond Alvarado our island ended and another began. A mangrove forest usurped it to the edge of the stream. Gnarled, dwarfed trees rose grotesquely from the swamp, increasing in stature as they receded from the water to higher, dryer land; they seemed a forest of interlacing, coiling serpents. But on the left bank, which was the mainland, fields of Para grass waved over scrawny Mexican cattle and gave way after a time to interminable coconut groves, with palm-thatched native huts for every grove, and a zig-zag path from every hut to the edge of the water.

A small settlement slid into view; an anchored sailboat or two, and half a dozen flat-bottom canoes; a corral of cattle, and, finally, a burro swimming with might and main for shore, cheered on by a group of natives on the bank. Pigs, chickens, burros, ponies, dogs, and cattle strewn the landscape impartially until we had left this outpost of civilization happily in our wake.

From this point, the vegetation took on the hues of picture postal card foliage, a phenomenon I had deemed not to exist. Splendid mango groves appeared, the brown blossoms so profuse as almost to obliterate the green, and Xuchil trees with pinkish-yellow blooms, like glorified peach trees; and Ceibas with their white trunks and brilliant green leaves; and then again, unendingly, the royal palms and their only less lordly brothers the coconuts. Back of all rose a high range of hills, shutting off the sea whose distant cannonading still was to be heard, a quivering overtone.

The Major was not to be denied. That pious explainer in *The Swiss Family Robinson* was certainly a distant maternal relative of the Major. A passion for instructive observation possessed him. "The Xuchil tree," said he —

But happily the Doctor had sighted an iguana, and in the excitement of this manufactured diversion the medical properties of the Xuchil tree were pleasantly forgotten. A passing packet, laden with plantains for the coast market, continued the diversissement; and suddenly we knew that we were approaching Canejo, the halfway point of our journey. The interminable island was drawing to a close, and across the narrowing obstruction we saw again our brother stream, the right-hand channel, flowing to meet us at Canejo.

We approached slowly. Smouldering trincheros or charcoal heaps loomed into view, emitting choking vapors; their appearance was that of ancient funeral mounds smoking with the charred remains of the barbaric dead. And quite suddenly a cliff of yellow sand appeared upon our left that was for me the most remarkable spectacle of the journey.

It reared steeply upward for perhaps two hundred feet, yellow as a quarantine banner and pocked from top to bottom with gopher holes. The inmates of these miniature caves were at their doors to see us pass, decorously seated upon their haunches. They stared and stared; they retreated into darkened obscurity, and popped out again as if the idea had just occurred to them; they skipped into their neighbors' homes to report the tidings of our coming; whole families came out to see the astonishing sight. Lighted by the declining sun upon that astounding background of flaming yellow, it was an arresting spectacle that we beheld. The sand had flowed down into the water, and gave the bed of the stream, near its edge, the appearance of burnished gold set with myriad flashing gems conjured by the ripple of the waves. For some hundreds of feet this splendor continued, then abruptly it came to an end and the Major spoke.

"In a million years," observed the Major severely, "that hill will all be sandstone."

We turned to look for Canejo.

But we did not stop at the "Rabbit Station," which is its other name, for it was growing late and three currents now called upon us to make choice of them. We chose the right fork and proceeded. And now by an odd circumstance the mainland was upon the right. A field of sugar cane appeared, stretching inland and southward far as the eye could reach; it shone a light

greenish-yellow in the waning sun. The breeze became stronger. A mosquito hummed above our heads. We looked at our watches. It was nearly six o'clock, and the sun was sinking. On the island to the left a native was hauling in his nets, his family advising him from shore. He resembled a picture in an illustrated Bible.

We were still eight miles from Tlacotalpan when the Major spoke again. He "wondered!" Deeply suspicious, he inquired: "What's the matter with that captain? We should have reached Tlacotalpan an hour ago. By George, I'll bet we're not going to land!"

The Doctor was troubled. "Why not?" he asked.

"Afraid!" sneered the Major. "Revolutionists, no doubt; and the silly government has issued a silly order about the silly boats!"

His fears were prophetic. On the right bank, a ranch house appeared. Two lights gleamed through the trees, and a tiny pier jutting into a miniature bay offered a suggestion of shelter. Toward this dubious haven we saw that our native pilot was now driving the steamer. The Major, who had rushed away, disconsolately returned.

"I knew it!" he groaned. "We can't land to-night. Port closes at six, and all vessels must moor outside until morning. We can land about four o'clock, the captain says. The old pirate is going to lay up here until three!"

He gloomily lighted a cigar and watched the boat huskies manoeuvre the steamer toward shore. With a sinking heart I recalled that we had brought no food.

A line was thrown and missed thrice; finally it was caught. The packet swung in sharply, struck the pier with a resounding thump, rocked, righted, swung completely about, and lay with her nose in a tangle of low-hung branches.

It was pitch black almost before we knew it, and a cold, damp breeze had sprung up out of nowhere in particular to harass our spines. The captain and his aids stolidly set about the lowering of a series of curtains, like the side curtains of an automobile, making them snug to the railings. In a little time the steamer was encased in tarpaulins. In the process, the mosquitoes and the cold seemed to have been laced in.

A courteous young man with a waxed mustache and laughing eyes, one of the passengers, came forward to where we glumly sat.

"Pardon," he ventured in execrable English, "but you are 'ongree? And you 'ave nothing for eat? Weel you allow me?"

With the celerity of a conjurer he produced a basket, wherein we looked and saw: A foot of sausage. A loaf of Vienna bread. A bottle of wine.

Whereupon we drew long breaths of relief, and admitted that we were 'ongree, very 'ongree indeed.

The young man's face became even brighter. He materialized a jackknife from the air, and conjured a corkscrew out of darkness. The Major made him an eloquent address in Spanish, and there followed the popping of a cork and a gurgle of delight from the Doctor. In a moment we were voraciously eating dry bread and sausage, and passing a strange bottle from mouth to mouth with the trustful joy of children. It became a gala occasion. We toasted one another impartially; the Major sang a song in English and one in Spanish; our benefactor was charmed, and the performance ended only when the Mexican youth's basket was as empty as had been our stomachs.

We shook hands all round with great heartiness, when the rite was at an end, and the strange youth accepted some of the Major's cigars. We smoked at length, discussing much that was of interest and dispute. When we had concluded, the captain had retired, and with him the crew and the main body of the passengers. Stretched on bench, table, and floor, they rendered the night hideous with their respirations. So we sang one verse of a revolutionary ballad of a scurrilous nature, to shock anyone who might chance to overhear, and turned in ourselves.

The Major tried it on a bench; the Doctor and the Mexican youth essayed to sit in chairs with their heads tilted backward; and I found a place on a table beside an elderly native woman of formidable dimensions, and arranged a handkerchief over my eyes and nostrils.

I had been asleep only a minute it seemed when the violent pitching and rolling of the packet aroused me. It was inky black, and all about there was confusion and fury. Hoarse voices bawled unintelligible orders, and there sounded the long slap of waves against the vessel's sides. And suddenly I was pulled off my table without ceremony and forced to stand upright.

It was three o'clock and the steamer was getting under way. In

an hour we would reach Tlacotalpan, said the Doctor. I suggested an alternative destination, but he only laughed and frolicked off to his happy task of capsizing the Major.

It was graying when the steamer moved off, snorting and whistling; and through the early-morning twilight we progressed to Tlacotalpan, where we slept magnificently, and ate voraciously again; where we listened to the droning "reader" in the Major's tobacco factory, and gathered purple lilies under the rickety piers; where we plucked the Doctor from a watery grave when he had fallen overboard in his efforts to get the longest stems, and were fumigated by the authorities against the prevailing smallpox.

Oh, it was a brave journey; and Stevenson would have loved it, — particularly, I think, the musical half-wit. How Stevenson would have enjoyed *him*! And the manager of the Major's factory, with his cat whiskers and his lugubrious Doré-Don Quixote aspect! And the fellow in the "rolling" room, actually *paid* to read Dumas aloud, while his associates toiled! And the old-world fishermen hauling in their nets, and the blue herons standing in tangles of anchored drift, and the time-stained churches, and the carved stone Indians brought from deserted forest ruins! Stevenson would have loved it all, and would have left it, as did we, with infinite regret. For the returning is never quite like the going; and I am afraid that even Alvarado, upon our return, had lost something of its glamour. The herons had vanished, the sun was sinking, the docks were bare; the washing before the doors of the Olympia had been taken in. In the distance still rose and fell the voice of Gabriel, in little spurts of sound that came and went like disembodied bird notes. But even that seemed somehow to have lost its power to charm.

We smiled at one another bravely. The train was waiting.



THOMAS HARDY IN A NEW RÔLE

The Story of Tristram and Yseult Re-Told

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

ALTHOUGH in "*The Dynasts*" Thomas Hardy wrote a poetical drama of the Napoleonic period, his latest work, a tragedy on the familiar theme of *Tristram and Yseult*, is hailed as his first real play. Despite his eighty-three years the dean of English letters shows no abatement of the power and beauty of expression that have given him his high literary rank. Professor Henderson offers a first-hand impression of the production of the tragedy in a setting and with a cast typical of a Hardy novel of the Wessex Country.

FOR many weeks, England was agog with stories of the play soon to appear in book form, which Hardy describes as "a new version of an old story arranged as a play for mummers." It came with peculiar rightness, as a sort of Hardy festival. For ten years Thomas Hardy, classed by competent critics as England's greatest living novelist and poet, — a position of extraordinary and almost unprecedented eminence,

— has been Great Britain's official candidate for the Nobel Prize for literature. Just prior to the publication of Hardy's play the announcement was made from Stockholm that the prize had been awarded, not to Hardy, but to Yeats. The announcement had a very mixed reception in England. While felicitating Yeats upon the award of the prize, the journalistic critics, certainly, made no attempt to conceal the view that Hardy is a vastly greater and more important figure in world literature.

It is, however, generally understood that the prize is withheld from Hardy, not because of any lack of acknowledgement of his genius, but sheerly out of close conformity to the rigid terms under which the prize is awarded. The Nobel Prize for Literature is awarded to great writers who produce works "of an idealistic tendency." In both fiction and poetry Hardy has laid himself open to the charge of "pessimism." Certainly, as has been well said, "his view of the world is not conventional or cheerful. Good souls, who vainly imagine that poetry exists to confirm their own parochial complacency or bright orthodoxy, are shocked; so shocked that in secret, probably, they wonder why so dangerous a writer enjoys so high a reputation." It seems inexplicable, nevertheless, that the committee of award of the

Nobel Prize could make the award to the militaristic, one might say, jingoistic Kipling, to the disintegrating author of *Tbaïs* and *Le Lys Rouge*, and withhold it from the author of *The Return of the Native*, *Jude the Obscure*, and *The Dynasts*. Clearly no "idealistic tendency" could be found in the works of one who could write the lines:

Has some Vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?

Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains? . . .
Or are we live remains
Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

In any case, Mr. Hardy is quite content in the face of his admirers' discontent over the award. And takes a quiet, grim satisfaction in the sort of heroic literary martyrdom which his stern, dark views of life have procured him.

Before the date of publication, the first edition of *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse* was exhausted, and a new impression followed at once. The Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum here in Cambridge, Mr. Cockerell, the night before we went in company to Dorchester to see the production, showed me a letter from Mr. Hardy in which he stated that the play had been in his mind for years. The drama of her whom Mr. Hardy called "Briton's Helen" was begun by him as long ago as 1915 or 1916, and was then abandoned; but only recently he resumed work upon it and completed the version which has been published.

To visit the Wessex Country, far-famed as the locale of so many of Hardy's works, is a pilgrimage of curiosity and of reverence. Who does not know that Dorchester is Casterbridge, memorialized in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*? Hereabouts were held the old-time fairs, notable for their singular customs and integral rites; and the chorus of a recognized song has a flavor of its own:

So fleet runs the hare, and so cunning runs the fox;
Why shouldn't this young calf live to grow an ox,

Oh, for to get his living among briars and thorns,
And drink like his daddy with his large pair of horns.
Horns, boys, horns;
Horns, boys, horns,
And die like his daddy with his large pair of horns.

The most ancient name, of Celtic origin, by which Dorchester was known is *Durnovaria*; but its occupation by the Romans was a long one, the whole district is teeming with relics of Roman buildings, walls, villas, roads, coins, and pottery. In Saxon times Dorchester was called *Dornceaster* or *Dorcestre*. As the train approached Dorchester, I was irresistibly reminded of Lionel Johnson's "version":

"A rolling down country, crossed by a Roman road; here, a gray standing stone, of what sacrificial, ritual origin, I can but guess; there, a grassy barrow, with its great bones, its red brown jars, its rude gold ornaments, still safe in earth: a broad sky burning with stars: and a solitary man. It is of no use to turn away, and to think of the village farms and cottages, with their antique ways and looks; of the deep woods, the fall of the woodman's axe, the stir of the wind in the branches; of the rustic feasts and festivals, when the home-brewed drink goes round, to the loosening of tongues and wits; of the hot meadows, fragrant hayfields, cool dairies, and blazing gardens; of shining cart horses under the chestnut trees, and cows called in at milking time: they are characteristic scenes, but not the one characteristic scene. That is the great down by night, with its dead in their ancient graves, and its lonely living figure: it brings before my thought a pageant of Scandinavian warriors, Roman soldiers and Stoics, watchers upon Chaldaean plains, laborious Saxon peasants, Celtic priests in the moonlight; and vast periods of early time, that chill the pondering mind. And the sentiment of a sacred dignity in pastoral, rural labours, is prominent here: the lonely figure recalls the spirit of Virgil in his *Georgics*, of Giotto's shepherds with their flocks, of Wordsworth and of Millet: of Arnold's *Resignation*, of Arnold's *Scholar-Gypsy*. How much experience must the 'clown,' the 'common labourer,' have amassed from the earth, the downs, the fields, with their *vasta silentia*, their *otia dia!*"

As we drove along in the tiny bus, we passed the famous Grammar School of which Hardy is a governor; and pointed out to us was the office of the architect to whom Hardy as a young man was apprenticed. Indeed, within the church which once sent out the Reverend John White to found Dorchester in *New England*, hangs an architectural plan of the church executed by Hardy; also,—symbol of close bond and reunion,—the Stars and Stripes, presented by Dorchester, America, to Dorchester, England.

Hardy has himself described Dorchester as "an old-fashioned place . . . huddled all together . . . shut in by a square mass of trees, like a plot of garden ground by a box edging" . . . or, more poetically, as "a mosaic work of subdued reds, browns, greys, and crystals, held together by a rectangular frame of deep green." One naturally thinks first of a theatre, — of that Theatre Royal at which Edmund Kean appeared before Arnold, then roaming the country in search of a genius to restore the fortunes of Drury Lane. Long ago it was turned into a china shop, — but "one can outline in the oaken beams the whole structure, the stage, the pit, the gallery, and the boxes," — minute, antique, yet no whit inferior to the theatre at Bath made glorious by Mrs. Siddons.

To-day there is no theatre in Dorchester; so Hardy's play, — his "first real play," as it has been called, — was produced in the Corn Exchange. If we were to enter the present building on a market day, we are told, we should be struck with the similitude of its human scenes now to what they are described as being in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Here we should see the farmers with their sample bags of corn, pouring out the contents into their hands, — as does Bathsheba Everdene. It was once described by Hardy as a "low though extensive hall, supported by beams and pillars"; and it is well adapted for the production of such a stage piece as Hardy's "famous tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall." It is worthy of note that the published version contains two drawings made by Hardy himself: one an "Imaginary View of Tintagel Castle at the Time of the Tragedy," the other an "Imaginary Aspect of the Great Hall at the Time of the Tragedy." This second drawing was almost exactly reproduced in the stage setting, — the great hall, the huge arch in the rear through which the wild sea is visible beyond, the narrow stone doorways at right and left, and the horizontal balcony over the arch.

Hardy describes the drama as "a new version of an old story arranged as a play for mummers, in one act requiring no theatre or scenery." Although he evidently wrote the play for production by "folk players" and takes pains to indicate in the stage directions the needlessness of theatre or theatrical "properties," the production itself was on an elaborate scale, according to contemporary standards. It was produced by the folk-players known as

the Hardy Players; and among the players were a grocer, a doctor, a clerk, an auctioneer, a saddler, and a head brewer.

*Isot ma drue, Isot m'amie
En vos ma mort, en vos ma vie*

— these words appear on the program ascribed to the Monk Thomas, *circa* 1200 A.D., on the title-page of the printed play ascribed to Bédier (after Gottfried of Strassburg). This play is designed on the Greek model, being remarkable for compression and dramatic intensity; and the Chanters, — called by Hardy “Shades of Dead Old Cornish Men and Shades of Dead Cornish Women,” — take the place of Chorus in the Greek drama.

The play is opened, and closed, with a speech by Merlin, who gives the note of prophecy and antiquity so suited to Wessex and to Cornwall. A chill seizes the auditor as the Chanters, — three men, three women, ghostly, grey-gowned figures, priestly in garb and mien, — glide forward, chanting in weird monotone, and seat themselves, facing the audience at each side of the proscenium arch. Throughout the play, which consumes about an hour and a quarter, the Chanters, their faces partially covered, remain seated, in semi-darkness.

Regarding the production, it must be said that this feature of the play, — an integral feature, — was executed so inadequately as to mar the production as a whole. The Chanters spoke in monotone, without cadence; and although they spoke in perfect unison, their words, save for an occasional one, were not understood. It is not unlikely that, under competent direction, — the direction of a Benson, a Nigel Playfair, or a William Poël, — the Chanters might make themselves understood, by employing the system of intoning used in the Church of England services.

The defect recorded is a fatal one to the play's full success; for Hardy, in his effort to confine the action of the play to scenes of high dramatic tension, has devolved upon the Chanters the task of narrating many links of the story which are indispensable to the auditor's understanding of the motives of the characters. Indeed, I am sure that this is the play's fundamental weakness; he has given far too preponderant a rôle to the Chanters as instruments for the *dévoilement* of the plot. If I had not read the play in advance, I should not have followed the production with

understanding. Hardy has compressed a five-act drama into a one-act play: the events not shown on the stage are too largely left to the Chanters for explication. Characters in the drama let fall many incidents antecedent to the events depicted; but the effect imparted is that of too great complication of plot, too close compression. The choice of the Greek model is not wholly happy; for in the Greek theatre the audience knew beforehand the story played before them. This is not a "play for mummers"; it is a close-knit drama which would tax the utmost resources of dramatic and dramaturgic art for successful production.

The story is not without complications which require more than choral chanting to disclose.

The tale has travelled far and wide: —
Yea, that King Mark, to fetch his bride,
Sent Tristram; then that he and she
Quaffed a love-potion witlessly
While homeward bound. Hence that the King
Wedded one heart-aflame
For Tristram! He, in dark despair,
Roved recklessly, and wived elsewhere
One of his mistress' name.

Thus Merlin in the prologue. The Chanters soon tell us that Tristram, a captive of King Mark, escapes with Iseult

to win
Gard Castle, where, without annoy,
Monthswile they lodged in matchless joy!

Then Iseult returns to Tintagel Castle, and Tristram rejoins his consort, Iseult of the White Hands. After a time, distraught with longing, the Queen Iseult, in Mark's absence, sails secretly away to Brittany, to win back her Tristram

Even at the cost — such was her whim —
Of bringing Whitehands back with him
In wifely character.

Tristram lies sorely stricken, anxiously awaiting the coming of the Queen; but his wife, espying the Queen's vessel, tells him it bears a black sail, — the signal that she is not on board. Tristram sinks into a stupor; and his wife, in desperate jealousy of the Queen, meets the vessel on the beach and announces that Tristram is dead. The Queen returns in despair to Tintagel Castle; and only then is the scene set for the play's opening.

A messenger comes to the Queen with news of the deceit practised upon her by the Whitehanded, and the announcement of Tristram's early arrival. Tristram comes; and himself is shortly followed by his spouse. Tristram, disguised as a harper, gains the Queen's presence; and in protestations of devotion, renews his vows of love. To her on bended knee he sings the song of love, — the play's loveliest lines:

Let's meet again to-night, my Fair,
Let's meet unseen of all;
The day-god labours to his lair,
And then the evenfall!

O living lute, O lily-rose,
O form of fantasie,
When torches waste and warders doze
Steal to the stars will we.

While nodding knights carouse at meat
And shepherds shamle home,
We'll cleave in close embracements — sweet
As honey in the comb!

Till crawls the dawn from Condol's crown,
And over Neitan's Kieve,
As grimly ghosts we conjure down
And hopes still weave and weave!

And now the action sweeps rapidly to a climax. King Mark discovers the lovers wrapped in embraces; Tristram repudiates his consort, now repentant of her deception. Mark stabs Tristram in the back; the Queen, with the self-same dagger, stabs Mark; and then, rushing out, flings herself over the cliff. In an Epilogue, Merlin summons the resolving mood:

These warriors and dear women, whom
I've called, as bidden, from the tomb,
May not have failed to raise
An antique spell at moments here?
— They were, in their long-faded sphere,
As you are now who muse thereat;
Their mirth, crimes, fear and love begat
Your own, though thwart their ways;
And may some pleasant thoughts outshape
From this my conjuring to undrape
Such hosts of distant days!

A word about the Hardy Players may not be amiss. The performance was quite up to the level of amateur theatricals; but histrionic art of the highest order is required for the successful production of this play. Tristram was played with simple directness by Dr. E. W. Smerdon; and Iseult, the Queen, found in Mrs. Hirst an earnest and sympathetic interpreter. Miss Fare threw fire and passion into her rendition of the rôle of Iseult the White-handed, — a really notable piece of acting. There were unendurable moments, where the audience made the sudden tumble from the sublime to the ridiculous, — as when Brangwain, after seeing Tristram's corpse, stumbles over the dead body of Mark, and exclaims:

Here's more of this stuff of death —

the word "stuff" utterly shattering the tragic mood. A distinguished company greeted the play. Mrs. Hardy, who had assisted her husband in coaching the Hardy players, was present with Mr. Cockerell, the Hardy's house guest; and among the notables in the audience were Mr. Clement Shorter and Mr. H. W. Massingham.

Mr. Hardy was not present; but visitors at Max Gate found him well and genial, — a benignant spirit, full of interest in the deeper thought-currents of the time, even in Einstein and Relativity. An American scientist's essay on "The Size of the Universe" gave him the cue. Mr. Hardy said that he understood Relativity; and when his listeners indicated skepticism, he added: "— up to a point." Another sign that we live in a new world is the fact that the play was broadcast from the Bournemouth station of the British Broadcasting Company.

PIRANDELLO'S WARNING

ALICE ROHE

NO dictatorship could be more arbitrary and tyrannical than our assumption that all men are created equal, said the creator of "Six Characters in Search of an Author" on departing after his recent visit to this country. The Italian dramatist found Americans astonishingly eager for the finer things of life, alive with mental curiosity, and potentially a great influence in the artistic and intellectual world, but he was oppressed by our waste of opportunities, by our encouragement of mediocrity.

UP to the present time there has been no marked tendency on the part of representatives from older civilizations to assume a sadly paternalistic attitude in chastising America for its youthful delinquencies. There has been none of the: "It hurts me, little one, more than it does you, to flay you alive, but it's for your own good" corrective system. The blows have been administered with brutal directness.

In fact we have become so accustomed to having distinguished foreigners attack us without gloves, that when a gentle though analytical personage like Professor Luigi Pirandello examines the American state of mind "in loving-kindness," we cannot help feeling a bit grateful. Luigi Pirandello is noted for having founded a new school of drama. He should be no less noted for having founded a new school of criticism. With a two months sojourn in America as qualification, he still refuses to assume the rôle of judicial criterion.

"Impressions, certainly, — but criticism or judgment, never!" he exclaimed when asked for an analysis of the "American state of mind." Which in a way is as unique a cerebral projection in the field of criticism as the erudite Sicilian playwright has projected into the realm of the drama. And if there is one person qualified to differentiate between criticism and analysis it is Luigi Pirandello, the mental gymnast of dramatic literature.

Pirandello likes America but —

He finds the United States *potentially* the great influence in the artistic and intellectual world but —

Of course the reservations are the important points in the analytical diagnosis. Now even though it hurt Pirandello more to say it than it does America to hear it, he came out and explained, gently and kindly, what he meant. The tragedy of America,

according to Pirandello, all efficiency experts to the contrary, is — Waste! There is such waste of what the world most needs today, — the power of seeing the shining high lights of life, with such clear vision as to bring tears to the eyes of all individualists. And this lamentable waste, he says, comes from the great American fetish — standardization. The dominating motive in American life for standardizing everything can only result in the sacrifice of the rare and the beautiful; the apotheosis of the commonplace; he believes. The zeal displayed in making all life uniform, all people equal, automatically establishes a standard far below the appreciation and the desires of the many. The enthusiasm for leveling human impressions and expressions, imposing the measures of mediocrity, dwarfs the greatness of which America is potentially capable.

For the important feature of this waste through standardization, the insistent use of mediocrity measurements, is that the American people are not mediocre. They are capable of far greater appreciation of the æsthetic, the intellectual, the spiritual than they are permitted to realize. They are undernourished. Instead of strong mental food they are given pap.

“I have never studied a people so eager, so hungry for the finer things of life, so alive with mental curiosity,” he said. “With this hunger for culture in the mass mind, I cannot understand why there should be any compromise. The highest standards could be attained and maintained. America has wealth and unequalled opportunities for satisfying this hunger.”

There are Americans who lift their voices in lamentations and protestations against the mediocrity mania, Pirandello was informed.

“Yes, that is why I make bold to speak out,” he said. “I have had most interesting talks with distinguished Americans on the subject. That only makes my point clearer. The protest against standardization comes from the ‘intelligent minority.’ In America there should be no intelligent minority but an intelligent majority.”

Then the history of civilization would take a decidedly new turn, was suggested.

“Why not?” asked Pirandello. “America has already established a higher standard for the many than exists in any other

country. The flaw in the system is that no nation can afford to sacrifice its geniuses for the sake of the mediocre. That is just what standardization does; it crushes genius beneath the steam-roller of mediocrity. Instead, as the mass rises, just so the exceptional individual should be permitted to rise in proportion. The point may be raised that in Italy, for example, the antithesis of the American system is true, that the waste through privation is as great as the waste through standardization. I do not believe this. Between the undernourishment of the mind and soul and the undernourishment of the body, I believe the first is more fatal to genius. The standardization of a high degree of comfort has much to do with the defeat of the individual genius. Genius, content in the depths to accumulate its force for the great leap to the heights, is stopped half way by the comfortable medium of the commonplace. 'Your geniuses do not die of starvation but of overfeeding.'"

Pirandello was reminded of the American credo: all men are created equal.

"But they are not," he replied. "While I am an individualist I am not anti-democratic. But is it democratic to sacrifice potential genius to unpotential mediocrity? Should not the freedom of a democracy give the same freedom to the one who would soar to the heights as to the one who would walk on the plains? Should those with wings be forced to crawl?"

America's relation to culture is peculiar, says Pirandello, in that no people with a greater longing for the illuminated peaks are so consistently kept on the monotonous plains. "I believe Americans, despite their energy, must be a very complacent people; otherwise they would rebel at a mental dictatorship which is anything but democratic. Perhaps it is the universal material comfort that makes them complacent. Perhaps it is the over-use of the term 'democracy.' I am sure the standardized mental formulæ have an effect upon creative minds. I could not work in America with the paralyzing effect of standardization, equalization about me. I have done no serious writing in the United States. Of course I have been very busy, but even so I work and create constantly in Rome although my life outside my writing is an active one."

There is nothing theoretical about Pirandello's panacea for the

mediocrity malady. Indeed he sees a practical working plan for the conversion of America's great potentialities into actualities, only —

"I find the tendency of those who control newspapers, magazines, theatres to be to underestimate the intelligence of the American people. As for the moving pictures —" These, with one or two exceptions, Pirandello intimated were beyond words.

"This continual playing down to what the editors and managers assume to be the mentality of the public has its disastrous effects not only upon the people but upon the writers. Creative genius, in order to maintain its standardized and demanded scale of comfort has to write down, always down to the superimposed but mistaken level of understanding. Perhaps the realization of the lack of accepted material comforts is too acute in America for genius to withstand the pressure.

Pirandello says that for the individual there is no dictatorship that can compare with the paradoxical domination of the equality idea. And the opportunity, as well as the responsibility of saving the great potentialities of the American mind from going to waste, lies, first of all, in the hands of the newspapers, the magazines, and the schools.

AFTER THE SEASON'S FIRST RIDE

VIOLA PARADISE

*My limbs are sluggard.
My eyes cannot bear the weight of open lids,
and close.
And lo, I see myself
a-gallop on the Perfect Horse
bounding over sage-brush on the uneven plains,
chasing the incredible red sunset
on the far horizon.*

*I open my eyes a moment
for just a wink of scorn at indoor living;
and move sore limbs a little
and feel
a silly prideful pleasure in the pain.*

THE WEATHER

VIOLA PARADISE

THE memory of "the oldest inhabitant" will have to rake up something more original than "the hottest day" if this scheme goes through. And we shall have to think up substitutes for the time-honored "Fine day we're having!" for with the sun shining on schedule such a remark will be as idiotic as if we were to say "How fifth of June it is!" As there will be no sudden changes we shall presumably have no colds. The ingenious advocate of standardized weather omitted to record the vote polled by dealers in aspirin.

DEBATES on War and Peace, on Spiritualism, on Immigration, and other solemn themes, have found hospitality in THE FORUM's pages. But one subject, far more important to the welfare of the human race, far more basic than any of these, has been utterly neglected: The Weather. There is perhaps a greater need for weather reform than for tax reduction. For the weather touches the poorest pauper, the gayest scofflaw, the blondest Nordic. Indeed, if you trace it back far enough, you find it determining the very nordicness of the Nordic. Its scope is international, interplanetary, and at the same time it has a homely domestic bearing on the life of every citizen, whether he uses it in deciding to cut the hay, not to take an umbrella, or perhaps only to fill in chinks of conversation. It gives rise to political issues, to agricultural blocs, it has a potent bearing on coal strikes. Congress plays all round it, pottering with its ravages here and there, and yet does not once think of getting down to the root of the trouble. The weather itself is allowed to run wild, no one has suggested a constitutional amendment about it, no Bok prize has been offered for its reform, no Comstock has tried to censor or repress it.

Since the world began, the weather has been left to an incompetent, improvident Providence, from whose hands many minor matters have been taken when the mills of the gods have ground too slowly for present day taste. It is amazing that an age which improves on nature's wasteful way in, say, the propagation of fish should ignore the advantages in removing the weather from Providence to Politics.

So, for want of an abler candidate, I modestly ventured myself to undertake the job of Director of the Weather. Of course my first act was to send out a questionnaire, which also served the

purpose of a referendum and an announcement. The response on the whole was encouraging. Several persons wrote "Well, you couldn't make it any worse." But of course there was also the rumble of angry opponents: rubber manufacturers, farmers, playwrights, hail insurance agents, fundamentalists, cynics, Californians, and the American Legion. And there were milder protests, signed "A friend," or "Anon," which argued that you couldn't change human nature, and implied that people would grumble more than under the present anarchy. But let all these doubters wait till they have heard some of the plan's details.

Rain, for instance. Now rain will not be abolished. Only regulated. There is no reason why it can't rain by dark, probably from one to four A.M., for such periods of the year as rain is needed to raise crops and lay dust. The number of hours per night, of nights per season, of seasons per year, and the intensity of rainfall desired could be determined and adjusted by local committees, according to local needs and wishes. Who would object to removing rain from the rainy day? Aside from other advantages, it would obviate the necessity of saving up for one. Perhaps, however, I should have it rain the third Sunday of every month, so that bureau drawers could be cleaned out, and mistakes traced in check books. And every so often, of course, there must be a storm, a gorgeous affair of brilliant jagged lightning, purple and black and green clouds, and the very best thunder, which would run the gamut from the most resonant crashing to the low rolling voluptuous rumble; and rainbows to top it off. The storms would not come according to regular schedule like the rainy days, but would be announced sufficiently far in advance so that plans could be made accordingly.

Sleet would be abolished; hail limited to cities of over 100,000 population; and snow confined chiefly to the rural districts, but optional with cities using hard coal. And after every city snow storm, there would be a seven days cold spell, to avoid slush, — incidentally doing away with the necessity for slush funds. Cloud and fog would be retained for scenic purposes only, and experts would be employed to make the best of them. For of course an elaborate organization would be needed, in order to give satisfaction.

I should retain the sunset department myself, and perhaps

the placing of the evening star. But some bright young artist would be selected to stage the sunrises. Robert Edmund Jones would be asked to manage the moon effects, — with certain restrictions with which, however, I think he would agree: I think I should have the moon skip, on alternate nights, from the crescent to the full, to avoid the rather unsatisfying in-between states. And perhaps, — at least on new-moon nights, — it would rise in the West. Of course there would be some dark, moonless nights, to give countenance to the murky deeds of literature. For though certain radical changes are being planned, I do not wish to overturn what little culture the world has achieved. The best features of the old régime will be retained. Our Indian summer, for example, will be left intact. Indeed, the aim of the new administration will be to bring the rest of the weather up to the standard of the Indian summer, in quality, if not always in kind.

I must confess that it was the matter of moon regulation which brought the most active discussion in answer to the questionnaire. Burglars were abusive and threatening; moonshiners cried that their whole technique would have to be changed; college students, — and their plea almost but not quite made me reconsider, — protested that they would have to learn astronomy all over again, and that what with Einstein, and now this, where would they get to? But the votes of lovers, impressionist artists, free verse poets, and midshipmen were overwhelmingly against them; and in this matter the sum-total of happiness must be considered against the protesting minority.

But let the students take heart. There is to be a Monday Morning Department, to extract the bluing from Mondays. The details have not yet been perfected, but the manager of the New Weather Experiments Laboratory says that they will soon be forthcoming, and that one occasional feature will be worked out in coöperation with the Storm manager.

The replies to the questionnaire revealed another moot point: the effect of this project on conversation. "What shall we talk about?" wrote the Secretary of the Tea Hounds Association. "You are turning the weather into a serious subject; one may as well talk about presidential candidates. For with your policy of Self-Determination of Small Nations, and everywhere but Cali-

fornea, nearly everyone will be satisfied, and won't talk about it any more than a healthy well-bred man would announce in a mixed company, 'I feel fit.'"

But with such argument we have little patience. For conversation about the weather has never been brilliant, usually banal, and all too often downright ill-natured. It would be just as well to force conversation on the subject to a higher plane. Besides, there would be chatty little departures from the main theme. One could discuss the salutary new inferiority complex which attacked California, as soon as its climate was rivalled by that of the North and East. In fact, the psychoanalysts, — who polled one hundred per cent in favor of the new régime, — are planning to move in a body to study the character changes in the Native Sons, what with the lightening of pressure, both from tourists and climatomania.

There will of course be many problems difficult of adjustment. The psychoanalysts will help out the Californians, but to the Mud-splash Truck Drivers' League, and to the umbrella manufacturers we can hold out no immediate comfort, though the resultant national sense of well-being from the elimination of umbrella-losing may reflect indirectly upon the latter. The present professional weather prophets will scarcely suffer at all, for they will be used in the publicity department, and now no one can sneer at them on cold windy nights with, "whaddaya mean, fair and warmer!" As for the amateur prophets, they never made a living out of it anyhow, and now there will be just one less reason for rheumatism. The hail insurance agents will conduct bright columns in newspapers.

As for other as yet unsolved problems, these will be dealt with at the monthly luncheons of the Weather Policies Association.

WHAT ABOUT PSYCHOMETRY?

GUSTAV PAGENSTECHER

THE two papers which follow are in the nature of supplements to THE FORUM's recent discussions of telepathy and spirit communication. The experiment described in the first is one of a great number undertaken by Gustav Pagenstecher, a physician of repute in Mexico City, with the medium Senora Maria Reyes de Z. For forty years Dr. Pagenstecher had been a materialist until, on hypnotizing this patient for therapeutic purposes, he observed phenomena which invited long, careful scientific investigation. The results led to a conviction of the reality of her inexplicable gift. Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, known to FORUM readers, has painstakingly assured himself of the reliability of Dr. Pagenstecher's evidence, through personal attendance at some of his sittings in Mexico City, in the presence of the witnesses mentioned.

IT is not my intention to discuss in this short article whether the term "psychometry" is appropriate or not, or whether it should be cancelled altogether and replaced by a more correct one. The locution being universally understood as to its meaning, I shall simply refer to its definition by the Century Dictionary: "The power *fancied* to be possessed by some sensitive persons of catching impressions *from contact*, which enables them to describe the properties of medicines, the vital force of any part of the human constitution, the character and physiological condition of persons whose autographs or photographs are touched, *and the scenes associated with any substance investigated.*"

The medium I have had the honor to experiment with for more than six years is a member of a prominent Mexican family and a lady of good social standing. Also, she is distinctly opposed to spiritistic tendencies. Of course she is unprofessional. In the state of profound hypnosis, commonly called "trance," Senora Z. is able to visualize certain scenes connected with the object in contact with her finger tips ("associated object"), and upon hypnotic command she relates her psychometrical vision.

Hundreds of experiments have proved to me beyond a doubt that this particular medium does really possess the strange faculty of visualizing certain events and scenes connected with the object she holds in her hands while in hypnotic state. This

supernormal faculty has been observed and verified over and over again by dozens of scientific men and special delegates. I therefore claim the right to take exception, — at least in the particular case of Senora Z., — to the wording chosen by the Century Dictionary which reads: "A power *fancied* to be possessed by some sensitive persons." I emphatically take the stand that this faculty does really exist in some persons, at least in Senora Z., the Mexican medium.

Whether this is a "power" or not, I shall not discuss, and I shall furthermore refrain from even hinting of an hypothesis concerning the origin and nature of the faculty. The only thing I insist upon is that it does exist undoubtedly in Senora Z., while under hypnotic influence.

In a deep state of hypnosis, Senora Z. falls *automatically* into the cataleptic state ("trance") whenever she holds any object longer than three minutes, and upon command she begins to describe a sequence of events and scenes which undoubtedly is somehow connected with, or stored in, said "associated objects." A series of experiments gives me the right to use the expression "undoubtedly somehow connected with," since in the period of six years I have found that the same object invariably yields the same vision, even though months and years have elapsed between the several sessions. All the experiments were conducted with especial care to avoid any chance of telepathy, by having a person other than the hypnotizer select the object to be psychometrized, the history of which was absolutely unknown to him, the record having been filed and the corresponding number only attached to the object in question.

I must confess that I am still puzzled as to the solution of this riddle, since it is against the ruling of actual science to admit that inanimate objects are in possession of what must be styled as "memory." It is to be hailed with satisfaction that in a long series of experiments I was lucky enough to fully substantiate the reality of certain psychometrical visions by the testimony of living persons. (For more details see the "Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research," Vol. XVI., January, 1922.)

The experiment which I am about to describe, and which as yet has not been published, has the special merit of not only

being supported as to the reality of the vision by seven honorable witnesses, but of leading us apparently to the solution of the riddle, since it points directly to the human brain as the focus of radiation of some energy which is stored in the "associated object" until a properly fit human "receiver" is able to read the hidden message and convert it into mental pictures.

The case is as follows: Knowing that some of my friends had been on board the ill-fated German transatlantic liner *Hammonia* which sank near the Spanish coast on September 9th, 1922, I took particular care to obtain some of the garments worn by some passengers during the trying hours of shipwreck.

Mr. and Mrs. Lammers, respected members of the German Colony of this city, and first class passengers on board the *Hammonia*, were kind enough to turn over to me a combination undergarment worn by Mr. Lammers, a chemise worn by Mrs. Lammers, and a green felt hat worn by Mrs. Lammers.

The first experiment I made was on June 24th, 1923, about ten months after the shipwreck. The note-taker and witness was Mr. Thomas S. Gore, a prominent architect in Mexico City. My usual method is to hypnotize Senora Z. by holding a polished metal button about eighteen inches in front of her eyes and to complete the process, after her eyes have closed, by passes. I question her, and when she announces she is asleep the experiments begin.

I first placed between her rigid fingers the combination undergarment of Mr. Lammers and asked her what she saw. Her first replies described a scene in a factory of garments, a large hall with what appeared to be weaving machines, people working, and the noise of a machine. "Besides," she added, "I hear a terrible shriek which makes me nervous. I hear the cries of many people."

I next put in her hands the chemise worn by Mrs. Lammers. Presently the medium described a scene similar to that of the previous experiment and began to tremble with emotion. During both these experiments Mr. Gore and I got the impression very strongly that in addition to the scene surrounding the manufacture of garments, another vision of a different nature was obtruding, causing quite a violent emotional reaction in her.

On September 2nd, 1923, about a year after the shipwreck, we proceeded to a further experiment, — the object in this case being the felt hat worn by Mrs. Lammers. Notes were again taken by Mr. Gore and there were additional witnesses in the persons of Dr. and Mrs. Hack. The following startling scene was evoked by the green hat. "I am on board a ship," said the medium. "I feel nauseated and have a salty taste in my mouth. I see many frightened people and hear loud cries. I hear curses spoken in Spanish, also German words. I feel something moving and am exceedingly frightened. Men in marine uniform give hurried commands. I am terrified."

In view of the extreme excitement of the medium, the felt hat was hurriedly removed from her clasped fingers, after an admonition that she retain everything in her memory. Later, in a waking state, she gave us the following additional details: "I had the sensation of being in an inclined position which I was unable to correct. Sometimes it seemed as if a wall was about to fall upon me and crush me. (She probably referred to the almost vertically inclined deck of the steamer.) I heard a terrible shriek and saw someone fall at my left side. I was terror-stricken, as if I were in danger."

On analyzing these three experiments, I feel that I may safely draw the following conclusions, without running the risk of being rebuked even by the great unbeliever, Professor Jastrow. The first object, the man's undergarment, transmitted the scene of manufacturing in a clear vision. No second vision was perceived, but the medium heard instead a shriek, the cries of many people, and experienced anguish. The second object, the lady's chemise, produced a similar impression; but the third object, the felt hat, had such a strong secondary vision to convey that the initial vision, which ought to have corresponded to the manufacturing of felt hats, was entirely obliterated as if on a photographer's sensitized plate a second strong impression had wiped out the weaker first one.

From this I deduce that an associated object is able to receive two kinds of impressions: a mechanical one, due to its surroundings; a psychical one, due to emanations of the human organism. The psychical impression when emanating from the general surface of the body, — the breast, back, abdomen, arms, — seem

to be less powerful since they were not able to give a clear vision, but only transmitted the emotions felt by the transmitting agent, such as cries and terror, without the corresponding vision itself.

TWO TESTS

SOPHIE RADFORD DE MEISSNER

IT was one August day now many years ago that the first of the tests in question came. I was visiting friends whose country place lay in the heart of the Russian steppes, a four hours' drive from the nearest village, to which they sent ordinarily but twice a week for the mail. Some few months earlier I had passed through a great crisis in my life and had suddenly, — with no seeking for it on my part, — become gifted with the power of automatic writing. Strange as it may seem I had at that time neither heard nor read anything upon this subject, and was inclined to be doubtful, — as I later found are many who are the possessors of this gift, — as to its admissibility.

One glorious afternoon my hostess proposed that we should drive to the border of a distant forest in search of mushrooms, which grow in great profusion in Russia where the poisonous variety was said to be unknown, and I, always enchanted to be seated behind those three swift-galloping horses, went to my room to take my hat.

As I was standing before the mirror adjusting a hat-pin, I was startled by a loud rap upon the writing table. Although greatly hurried, I crossed the room, and, taking a pencil in my hand, inquired: "Who is there?" The name of a brother who had been recently taken from the world was given, and I was told furthermore that he wanted me to write to his wife, whom I had then never met. Not wishing to keep my hostess waiting, I objected that there was then no time, but added that I would write immediately upon my return; and as it was not the regular day for sending the mail, a few hours' difference in the moment of writing, — so I reasoned, — could not greatly matter.

Such, however, was not my brother's opinion; and the answer came imperatively: "Write now — at once!"

Taking a sheet of paper, I said: "You must write the letter yourself, since I do not know what you wish to say."

Then, by my hand, I holding the pencil, was written a short letter, speaking of a matter of which I, myself, was in total ignorance; but which, as I learned very much later, was entirely intelligible to the recipient. To this I added a hasty postscript, explaining as best I might *how* it had come, and then, having addressed and sealed the missive, I turned away, leaving it there on the table, when I was told that I must take it with me.

As I was descending the broad stairway holding this in my hand, my hostess, who was awaiting me in the spacious hall below, exclaimed: "Oh, you have a letter, give it to me quickly! I am sending an extra courier to O—— and he can mail it."

Not until some months had passed did I learn that that letter had reached my widowed sister-in-law in her New England country home upon her birthday morning.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, then Secretary of the American Branch of the Society of Psychical Research, said, when later I wrote him of this, that he considered it a test of sufficient importance for reporting to the Society.

The second test is one concerning the hearing of the name of one who had passed from this world.

On page 360 of his book, *Raymond* Sir Oliver Lodge says: "Most mediums are able to convey a name only with difficulty. Now plainly a name, especially the proper name of a person, is a very conventional and meaningless thing; it has few links to connect it with other items in memory; and hence arises the normally well-known difficulty of recalling one."

An incident illustrative of this difficulty occurred in connection with one of the victims of the *Titanic* disaster. During the summer following that tragic event I met the widow of one of the brave men who had gone down with the ship, and as we were conversing together, a message was given me for her purporting to be from her husband.

"How can I know that it is really from him?" she queried.

"Only, of course, by the purport of the message," I answered.

Being still unsatisfied Mrs. —— inquired as to whether I knew her husband's middle name?

"I only know that it commences with a 'B,'" I replied.

"Well then, if it is really he, why cannot he give me his name?"

But this Mr. — said he could not do, and at the same time expressed surprise that the messages he had already given had failed to convince his wife of his presence there.

Some few months later I was visiting Mrs. — in her own home, and again, after receiving several messages of apparent importance, she reverted to the former question concerning her husband's middle name, — a thing to which I had never given a moment's thought in the interim, — but the only response obtained was, that, as *she* "already knew the name," and as it was to me a matter of total indifference, he did not see why he should put himself "to the trouble of trying to make me hear it."

Such a reply was, of course, most unsatisfactory; and as, upon going to my room that night, I was standing before the dressing-table, I wondered why so apparently simple a thing could not have been conveyed to me. As this thought took shape there was a sudden flash of suggestion, and the letters "B-a-r" were strongly impressed upon my mind. Instantly I completed the name with "n-e-y," — *Barney*, but was told it was wrong.

Placing one hand on the table, I asked that the other letters be given me, and they came at once: "n-o-l-d." "Barnold," I reflected, "a family name, I suppose!"

The following morning when seated together at the breakfast table, I inquired of my friend as to whether her husband's name commenced with "B-a-r," and she answered despondently:

"No!" adding, "oh, it cannot be he has forgotten his name!"

"Do not tell me what it is," I interrupted hastily, "until I tell you the name that was given me;" and I spelt it out: "B-a-r-n-o-l-d."

"That is not right," she almost sobbed, "it is *B-o-r-l-a-n-d!*"

Nor would she be convinced even when I pointed out to her the fact that every letter was there, although misplaced; this very circumstance making it, according to Dr. Hyslop, a "very good test."

"If," remarked the late President of the American Society of Psychical Research, when later I told him of the incident, "you had heard the name aright it would have been *no test* at all, for I should simply have supposed that you had heard it before and your subconscious mind had reproduced it for you."

THE BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION

JOHN GORDON COOPER

DESPITE all obstacles set up against the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibition has already accomplished incalculable reforms, social, economic, and industrial, says this Congressman from Ohio. In the last four years the death rate of this country has fallen, many penal institutions have closed, arrests for drunkenness have dropped by 500,000 a year, and deposits in savings banks have increased. Regulation, in place of prohibition, would, he believes, enormously stimulate the illicit liquor traffic.

THAT prohibition should be strictly enforced as long as it is a part of the Constitution of the United States, and that as part of the Constitution it is deserving of the respect and support of the citizens of the United States, is not a debatable question. Our whole system of government, our greatness as a nation, and the unequalled benefits, opportunities, and privileges which we enjoy as individual Americans are all based on the Constitution. A blow at the Constitution is a blow at all that is near and dear to us. The Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquor as a beverage is an integral part of the Constitution and as such is as much entitled to respect and obedience as any other part of the fundamental law of the land. Disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment is just as serious as disregard of the guarantee that life, liberty, and property may not be taken from a citizen without due process of law. Disobedience of one law inevitably breeds disobedience of other laws and leads to anarchy. We may change the Constitution but we can not nullify it.

Even the most active enemies of prohibition do not openly advocate disobedience to the Constitution. They propose instead that the sale of beer and wine be legalized on the claim that such beverages are not intoxicating. It is not within the scope of this article to go at length into this phase of the subject, but experience has amply proved that the liquor traffic cannot be regulated, that when it is granted an inch it will take a mile, that the only way to meet the evil is to place it outside the law and then enforce the law. To legalize the sale and traffic in wine and beer would enormously increase illicit traffic in "hard" liquor.

The extent to which prohibition is effective today depends on the point of view. To contend that it is entirely effective in parts of some of our great cities where the entire population is of foreign extraction and where the law officers wink at violations is, of course, useless. But it is just as far from the fact to argue, as do some liquor advocates, that prohibition has increased drinking and intemperance throughout the country. Relatively, prohibition is effective and it will advance toward complete effectiveness just as rapidly as citizens come to a full realization that it is a vital part of the fundamental law of the land, and to the degree that enforcement officers are selected because of fitness and determination to do their duty instead of because of political influence and "pull". Of course it will become more effective as a new generation which never knew the open saloon takes the place of those who cannot forget their appetites for strong drink.

The effectiveness of prohibition has been a varying quantity. When war-time prohibition went into effect July 1, 1919, it was obeyed even by the hardened bootleggers and moonshiners to a remarkable degree because the people were still living under the influence of the discipline and unselfish zeal of war days. Our police statistics mirror this condition. Then came the reaction from the strain of the war, such reaction as has always followed war. There was a moral let down. Violations of the prohibition law were the result, not the cause, of this moral reaction and a turn toward the pursuit of selfish pleasures and desires.

The liquor interests soon saw what they believed to be a chance to resurrect their outlawed business. They began their smuggling operations and encouraged moonshining in order to secure supplies of intoxicating beverages for the thoughtless and the indifferent. They revived their slimy tactics of graft and bribery so that they might secure permits to withdraw bonded liquor and secure the protection of officers sworn to enforce the law. They formed alliances with corrupt politicians, and the whole country has been subjected to an unceasing propaganda aimed at law and order and a sober and decent America. Unfortunately this propaganda was aided by the leniency of the courts. Petty fines practically licensed the bootleg trade and the law's delay made conviction impossible in many cases.

But the American people have again demonstrated their

essential soundness and the truth of Lincoln's wise adage that the people cannot be fooled. Each Congress that has been elected has a larger dry majority, and popular elections in many States have resulted in increased votes for law enforcement. The Christian people of America, the legal profession, the newly enfranchised women, and many other elements have joined together to urge more sincerity of purpose in law enforcement.

Handicaps placed upon enforcement agencies have been removed. The rum smuggler has been removed from the protection of the Union Jack by the recent treaty with Great Britain, and similar treaties with other powers will soon outlaw this twentieth century pirate. The Coast Guard has been granted means to protect the shores of the United States. Civil Service regulations will soon replace the spoils system in selecting honest and competent enforcement agents beyond the influence of wet politicians.

Despite all obstacles and handicaps the social, economic, and industrial reforms accomplished by prohibition are so numerous that it is impossible even to catalogue them within the limited scope of this statement. No longer are there 177,790 open, legalized saloons inviting patronage and serving as centers of evil, vice, corruption, and death. The country has never been so rich and the people so sober. But for prohibition, readjustment from the war could not have gone forward so rapidly and successfully.

The death rate in the United States has fallen amazingly. In the first four years under prohibition the decrease was equivalent to saving 873,000 lives. Crime has lessened. More people may be arrested, — but for traffic law violations, breaches of some automobile, food, or sanitary regulation and not for drunkenness. The federal census shows a decrease of 5.8 per 100,000 in our criminal population from 1917 to 1922. Hundreds of penal institutions have been closed since prohibition. Judge William M. Gemmill, of Chicago, a foremost criminal authority, says that the drop in the number of arrests for drunkenness is equivalent to 500,000 a year. The licensed liquor traffic was the most fertile source of crime, and much of the existing criminality is traceable to the now outlawed liquor traffic which is encouraged by the advocates of nullification of the Constitution.

America's prosperity is the wonder of the whole world. We have five-sixths of the world's motor vehicles. Mr. R. T. Hodgkins, Vice-President of the Rollin Motors Company, asserts that at least seven million motor cars have been bought with money that formerly went to the saloon. Roger Babson says that prohibition turned what would normally have been a downward trend into an upward one and thus accounts for much of our recent and present prosperity. Two or three billion dollars yearly were turned from the destructive channels of drink to the constructive channels of legitimate business.

Last year alone the savings deposits of the country increased a billion dollars. Insurance holdings gained eleven billion dollars and vast sums were expended for the radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Stock in the nation's great enterprises has been acquired by a much larger number of people. The growth of the Labor Banks is another indication that the workers are saving their money more than ever before.

That drunkenness has dropped to a minimum under prohibition is proved by the fact that in most cities a drunkard is a rare sight on the streets, and the homes for alcoholics have decreased from 238 in the time of the licensed saloon to 38 last year. There are few communities in America where it is not almost as easy to enter the lodge of a secret society without a password as it is for any one to buy a drink of intoxicating liquor without being sponsored by an acquaintance of the dealer.

The average man is the greatest gainer from prohibition. In the past ten years the per capita wealth of America has increased from \$968 to \$2,918, most of the gain coming after the adoption of prohibition. It is not the men and women who work for a living and are busily engaged in producing the wealth and prosperity of the nation who are agitating against prohibition. Such agitation finds far more willing supporters among the wealthy idle who want liquor to stimulate their jaded appetites in their pursuit of pleasure. It is among these people far more than among those who work with their hands that the advocates of beer and wine find aid and comfort and sympathy.

I am proud to be a member of Division No. 565, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which organization through its officers recently sent a stinging rebuke to the propagandists who have

been seeking the support of labor for legislation attacking prohibition.

"It is somewhat of a mystery to us men engaged in the dangerous business of railroading why any wage-earner would want a return to the misery of the evils of pre-Volstead days," said this organization in a reply to a request for support from the wets. "To say that the Eighteenth Amendment has been a total failure, that the drink habit is as bad or worse than before, we know is simply propaganda of those interested in the return of a business that has done more to retard civilization and human progress than any one thing in the world's history.

"We men in the railroad game know that the Eighteenth Amendment has been the greatest blessing we ever received; we know that we are better off morally, financially, intellectually, and in every other way by the outlawing of the booze business."

PROHIBITION AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

JOHN PHILIP HILL

*L*INCOLN, the greatest Republican of all, emphatically upheld the doctrine of States' rights, — a fact which is sufficient answer to the claim that it is a peculiarly Democratic doctrine. This Republican Congressman from Maryland argues that an attempt to modify the Volstead Act is not a nullification of the Constitution, and that the Republican Party in 1924 can as safely leave domestic matters to the States as it could in 1861. He favors a substitution of 2.75 per cent for the present figure.

ON the 4th of March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, in compliance, as he said, with a custom as old as the Government itself, appeared before his "Fellow-Citizens of the United States," as he denominated them, to make his first inaugural address and to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution to be taken by a President before he enters on the execution of his office. Lincoln was a Republican. Sometimes in the

dark and bitter days of the Civil War, he was called a "black" Republican, and more often perhaps some other epithet was prefixed to the word Republican, but since the foundation of the Republican Party, Lincoln has always been its personification.

James Bryce, afterwards Lord Bryce, and an Ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, who still remains the greatest authority on the American Government, writing in 1893 about the party system of the American Commonwealth, in reference to the two great parties, — the Republican and the Democratic, — asked these questions, "What are their principles, their distinctive tenets, their tendencies?" He answered his own questions by stating that "neither party has any clean-cut principles, any distinctive tenets." After explaining in full his reasons for this statement, he added that "tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice have all but vanished."

The doctrine of States' rights is popularly supposed to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party, while centralization of power in the Federal Government is also popularly supposed to be a fundamental Republican doctrine. In 1917, however, a Congress dominated by the Democrats passed the Eighteenth Amendment, thus embodying in the fabric of the American Constitution the first great negation of the doctrine of States' rights.

In 1893 Bryce said that one of the questions which most interested the American people was the regulation or extinction of the liquor traffic. "On this," he said, "neither party has committed itself, or will commit itself." That statement is as true today as it was in 1893.

I am writing on Thursday, the 24th of April. Very soon after this article is published, the conventions of the two great parties will have met and will have ignored the question of the liquor traffic, will have declared for strict enforcement of the Volstead Act, or possibly will have attained sufficient courage to declare for a modification of that unfortunate attempt to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. I am writing today, however, on Prohibition and the Republican Party to suggest that in spite of the alleged lack of principles belonging to parties today, the Republican Party was itself founded on the theory of maintaining inviolate the rights of the States, and that both as a matter of principle and as a matter of expediency, the Republican Party should attempt to restore the control of the liquor traffic to the States, and pending such action, to modify the Volstead Act.

I speak from the point of view of an individual member of the Republican Party on the subject of modification of the Volstead Act in the interests of law enforcement, true temperance, and reestablishment of the principle of local government in the United States. As a preliminary, I shall say a few words on the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment, on the oft repeated charge that any attempt to modify the Volstead Act is an attempt to nullify the Constitution, and on the general subject of the relative powers of the Federal Government and the individual States under the Constitution.

In 1903, I said to my students at Harvard that "the old cry of 'States' rights' may occasionally be raised as a political slogan, but the ancient jealousy of the Union no longer plays an important part in the promulgation of political policies." What I said then was but an echo of what Bryce had said ten years before, that "the States fear no serious infringement of their rights." Neither Bryce's nor my own statements could today be repeated with truth. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have gone farther into the personal life of the individual citizen than any previous growth of Federal power. Tomorrow, in the House of Representatives, an Amendment to the Constitution providing for the Federal control of all child labor throughout the nation will be considered, and when this article is published, such a Constitutional amendment will very probably have been passed by Congress. If a child labor amendment to the Constitution is passed, it will probably be followed by a similar amendment putting upon the Federal Government the duty and power of regulating such domestic relations as marriage and divorce. Therefore, today the great question of the rights of the States which underlies the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act is of the most vital and immediate importance to the American people, entirely aside from the specific question with which the Volstead Act deals.

To the Republican Party, in its consideration of this question, I desire to recall what Lincoln said on March 4th, 1861, in his inaugural address. He stated that those who nominated and elected him did so with full knowledge of his many declarations on the rights of the States, which he said he had never recanted. He then added, "And, more than this, they (the Republicans)

placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

The above statement was fundamentally Republican doctrine in 1861. It should be fundamentally Republican doctrine in 1924. As a matter of principle, the Republican Party is a party dedicated to the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States.

The resolution submitting the Eighteenth Amendment to the States for ratification was finally passed in the House and in the Senate and signed by the Speaker of the House and the Vice-President on December 18th, 1917. At that time the United States was engaged in the greatest war in the history of the world. The American people were making and were prepared to make every possible sacrifice of personal convenience, personal comfort, and personal liberty which the American Government considered necessary for winning the war. The prohibitionists today become hotly angry at the suggestion that the Eighteenth Amendment was passed by a propaganda masquerading under the cloak of war patriotism. The prohibitionists today bitterly deny the statement that the Eighteenth Amendment would never have been adopted unless the eyes of the American people had been focused on the trenches of France rather than on the lobbies of American Legislatures. In reference to the Eighteenth Amendment, I need only say here that it violates the spirit of the American Constitution, that although its passage had been agitated by the Prohibition Party long before the War, no one had seriously considered that it would become part of the Constitution until the dark war days were upon us, and that the Eighteenth Amendment violates the fundamental principles of the Republican Party as approved by Lincoln that each State has a right to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively.

The Eighteenth Amendment is today part of the Constitution.

The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been nullified by popular assent. Those who clamor for what they call "law enforcement" have nothing to say about either. The problem today is, shall the Eighteenth Amendment be nullified or shall an honest effort be made for its enforcement?

Pending a possible, but highly improbable, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, a sincere attempt at its enforcement must be made. The position, however, is taken by the professional prohibitionists that any modification of the Volstead Act is a direct violation of the Eighteenth Amendment. But this is not the case. The Volstead Act is one of many possible efforts at enforcement. The Volstead Act is a failure, and it is a failure because it is not founded on the principle of truth which must underlie any permanent law.

On December 8th, 1922, President Harding said to Congress that the questions relating to prohibition were "the most demoralizing factor in our public life." On January 16th, 1924, Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania stated that in the last two years arrests for drunkenness have enormously increased, the population of jails and institutions is rising, that withdrawals of whisky continue to increase, and "most significant of all, withdrawals of alcohol to be denatured have nearly trebled in two years." On April 10th, 1924, the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, speaking before the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement in Washington, stated that the "so-called higher social groups" more flagrantly disregarded the Prohibition Law in letter and spirit than any group of our citizens. Such statements as these are enough to show the failure of the Volstead Act. There must be either something fundamentally wrong with the morals of certain large and important groups of American citizens, or there must be something fundamentally wrong with the Volstead Act itself. Since we do not find wide-spread violations of other Federal laws, there must be something fundamentally wrong with the Volstead Act. The American people through their Congress have the right to modify any existing law as long as such action conforms to the Constitution. The Supreme Court has expressly recognized the power of Congress to define what is an "intoxicating liquor" prohibited by the Eighteenth Amendment. The definition of one-half of one per cent contained in

the Volstead Act is untrue, and therefore wrong. It is the duty of Congress to change it. Change may be a true attempt at enforcement, and is not nullification of the Constitution.

As long as the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution is there any way by which the pledge of the Republican Party in the platform of 1861 may be revived, in order to restore "the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to *its own judgment exclusively?*" I submit that there is a partial remedy, and I propose the following substitute for the Volstead Act: repeal it and enact the following:—

Section 1. Each State shall for itself define the meaning of the words "intoxicating liquors" as used in section I of Article XVIII of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and each State shall itself enforce within its own limits its own laws on this subject.

Section 2. Any person who transports or causes to be transported into any State any beverage prohibited by such State as being an "intoxicating liquor" shall be punished by the United States by imprisonment for not more than ten years or by a fine of not less than \$10,000 nor more than \$100,000, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The first section of this proposed enforcement act is based on the theory of local option; the second is based on the Webb-Kenyon Act, by which the United States guarantees the States from outside interference. The proposed substitute, taken as a whole, permits concurrent action each in their own sphere by the United States and by the individual States to carry out the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Any legislation passed by any State must of necessity be in accordance with the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment. The passage of such legislation would in a measure restore State control of the liquor traffic. I should be glad to see such a provision part of the Republican platform, and I should be doubly glad if it were part of the platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Perhaps, however, the time has not yet arrived when either of the great parties will take a definite stand in accordance with the theory of States' rights on the prohibition question. There is, however, an immediate modification which may be made under the Volstead Act, and which I hope will have been made by the time this article is published.

On April 21st, the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives began to hold hearings on fifty-nine identical bills introduced by fifty-nine Members of the House of Representatives providing that for the definition contained in the Volstead Act that one-half of one per cent of alcohol by volume is intoxicating, there be substituted a provision that 2.75 per cent of alcohol by volume be permitted in cider, beer, or other similar beverages to be consumed otherwise than at the place of sale. On Friday, June 10th, 1921, before the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, discussing cider and homemade wine, Representative Cantrill asked Representative Volstead the following question: "According to your construction, it was not the intent of Congress that it would be a violation of law if wine was made at home containing one-half of one per cent of alcohol?" To this Representative Volstead replied, "No; my contention is this, that it might contain one or two or possibly three per cent without being intoxicating."

On May 2nd, 1922, Federal Prohibition Commissioner Haynes wrote me officially "that under the provisions of section 29, title 2, of the Volstead Act, cider and other non-intoxicating fruit juices manufactured exclusively for use in the home of the maker are not necessarily limited to less than one-half of one per cent of alcohol, but must be intoxicating in fact to be in violation of the Volstead Act." He also stated that "no specific alcoholic limit has been fixed," and that his office "was not disposed to take action against the manufacture, for use in the home of the maker, of cider or other fruit juices containing not more than 2.75 per cent of alcohol by volume." An alcoholic percentage of 2.75 is not in fact intoxicating. We need no higher authority for this statement than that given above by the man from whom the Volstead Act takes its name.

During the War, as a war measure, the people of the United States drank 2.75 per cent beer and were not intoxicated. Today, they are drinking all sorts of hard liquors in the place of mild beer, cider, and wines. The one-half of one per cent definition is false and a breeder of crime. The Republican Party should provide in its platform for a substitution of 2.75 per cent. It should do this not only as a matter of principle, but as a matter of political expediency, — expediency, however, founded on truth.

THE THIRD PARTY

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

A REVIEW of returns in the elections of 1922 and 1923 affords a hint of what believers in the Third Party are counting on this autumn. In those years, the voters in eight Northwestern States broke away from the control of Republican and Democratic organizations either by affiliation with the Non-Partisan League and the Farmer-Labor Party, or by supporting a man of independent policies. Although the Third Party does not expect to elect its president this year, it is paving the way for 1928.

SO many and so revolutionary have been the political changes that have taken place since Warren G. Harding's death ten months ago that it is difficult to find many statesmen of note who will offer suggestions as to the political outlook for the next ten months. Even that eminent statesman, George Harvey, who has been a liberal prognosticator in times past, when asked the other day whether Mr. Coolidge would be elected, enigmatically exclaimed:—"Does God know?" By which I do not think we are to assume that Mr. Harvey was suggesting that if God knew the ex-ambassador would have, if not the same, at least equal knowledge, but rather, I believe, was he endeavoring to imply that the political confusion extended beyond terrestrial regions.

A year ago President Harding was alive and the Third Party Movement was dead, or seemed so, except to those who took Henry Ford and his pseudo-politics seriously. Most of the talk of the Third Party then centered around Mr. Ford and the number of automobiles that he manufactured and sold, and the great amount of fertilizer he was going to manufacture at low rates for the farmer if the government would let him have Muscle Shoals on his own terms.

Today Mr. Ford is a political discard and the Third Party Movement is moving vigorously onward without the slightest reference to Mr. Ford and his spectacular defection. A year ago most of the Republican statesmen who considered the Third Party regarded it as a movement that would, under the leadership of Mr. Ford, affect the Democratic Party as well as their own. I cannot recall one who then thought seriously of the new party being carved entirely out of the Republican Party, although

it was admitted that in the Northwestern States, — North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and a few others, — the new idea was most popular.

One man of influence alone saw, even then, the possibilities of a Third Party with or without Henry Ford. That man was Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. In the minds of most of the regular Republicans in Washington he was not at that time a menacing figure, for the sixty-eighth Congress had not met, although it had been elected. Strange, too, little was said of the fact, — probably very few people knew, — that it was La Follette's original motion and speech that had called attention to the acts of Secretary Fall that have since developed into a national scandal.

It is around Senator La Follette that the popular conception of a Third Party revolves today, although the fact that he has been seriously ill recently has caused some of his followers to canvas the field so that, in case of an emergency, some other might take his place. It is rather a touching evidence of the gentleness of the times that a certain financial and business report with recurrent frequency includes an item on the latest gossip as to La Follette's health.

If Senator La Follette's health permits, he will undoubtedly be the leader of the Third Party in the coming campaign. In that case he will be the platform, just as in all probability Mr. Coolidge will be the platform of the Republican Party. Should some one other than La Follette head the Third Party movement, it will be interesting to see along what lines the various elements that La Follette would draw together will finally enter the lists. As in the case of the Progressive Party in 1912, the new party, aside from its leader and what was then described as the lunatic fringe, consists of a great many strong-minded individuals who have little in common aside from their opposition to the two major parties. The backbone of the new movement will undoubtedly be the Farmer-Labor representatives in Congress, but here even in the East a group of men headed by Amos Pinchot, George L. Record of New Jersey, and Allan McCurdy are working out an appeal on the idea that the recent exposures of official corruption have shown that the source of power of the Invisible Government is the private ownership of public utilities.

That we may better understand on what the believers in the Third Party are basing their expectations in the coming campaign, it is well to review some of the returns of the elections of 1922 and 1923. The Republican Party had then been in power for almost two years with majorities in both Houses of Congress that were well nigh unwieldy. In fact, with the exception of the election of 1820 when Monroe was elected without opposition, no party had ever had such a triumph as that which fell to the Republicans in 1920. In the face of all this, when there was hardly yet the breath of scandal against the party, it suffered serious defeats all over the country. The only notable Republican victories were won by men who had left the party in 1912 to join the Progressives, — Gifford Pinchot (who has recently been repudiated by the regular organization in his State) being elected Governor of Pennsylvania by 250,000; Howell being elected Senator of Nebraska by 80,000; and Hiram Johnson Senator of California by 340,000. On the other hand Senator Lodge, the conservative leader of the Senate, was elected in conservative Massachusetts by only 8,000; and Governor Miller, the conservative leader of New York, was defeated by 380,000. Passing from States that are not ordinarily considered fertile soil for the Third Party, we come to the returns from those in which it is generally admitted by the managers of both parties that the new movement will receive support:

Wisconsin: Carried by La Follette by over 300,000.

Idaho: Carried by Moore, Republican candidate for Governor with a vote of 50,000; a Progressive, Samuels, receiving 40,000; and the Democrat, Alexander, 36,000.

Minnesota: Carried in 1922 by Preus for Governor with a vote of 309,000 against 295,000 for Magnus Johnson, the Farmer-Labor candidate. The following July (1923) Magnus Johnson, running against Preus at a special election for the United States Senate, received 290,000 to Preus' 195,000.

Iowa: Carried by Brookhart, Republican, by a majority of 167,000, — a distinctly Pyrrhic victory as far as the regular Republican organization is concerned.

North Dakota: Carried by Frazier, Republican — Non-Partisan League, by 101,000, against 92,000 for O'Connor, Democratic Independent.

South Dakota: Carried by McMasters, Republican, for Governor; Alice L. Daly, Non-Partisan League, receiving 46,000, and Grill, Democratic, 50,000.

In other words in the eight states of Wisconsin, Idaho, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska, the elections of 1922 and 1923, — to say nothing of past history, — show by the returns that the voters either by direct affiliation with the Non-Partisan League or the Farmer-Labor Party, or by the character of the Republicans they elect, have already broken away from the control of the Republican and Democratic National Organization.

It must be remembered that those who are seriously interested in the Third Party in this year of grace do not talk of electing a president in 1924. Back of the movement, if one may judge the protagonists of the idea, is first: hope of defeating the Republican candidate for President, or rather the Eastern conservative wing of the party, in order to be in a better position to offer a winning program in 1928; second: the expectation of increasing the Third Party strength in both the House and the Senate with the object of affecting legislation along the lines followed by the insurgent bloc in the present session of Congress.

In an article in *THE FORUM* some months ago, the present writer called attention to the fact that the third parties in this country have always been productive of some good, fearsome though they seem to the Eastern leaders of both the old parties. It is always interesting to hear a Republican statesman fulminate against a third party when the Republican Party itself was born as a third party. The four recent amendments to the Constitution were all the results of third party movements. Quoting Professor Morse's able book on *Parties and Party Leaders*, the writer called attention to the theory that a third party is a substitute for revolution and that the permanency of the democracy rests on the ability and willingness of the people to work with parties whether there be two or a dozen.*

In a recent news despatch William Hard spoke of the political influence of Theodore Roosevelt as a thing of the past. If that

* In that article the writer complimented Mr. Dwight Morrow, who wrote the introduction to Professor Morse's book, on his scholarly foreword to this masterly review of the philosophy of parties. It is interesting to note that since that time Mr. Morrow, who up until then was known simply as a banker and lawyer, has had an opportunity to test his understanding of the philosophy of parties. He is generally credited with being the "brains" of the Coolidge pre-convention campaign, and I doubt very much if ever the country has seen a better organized or more efficient campaign, not even in the days of Mark Hanna — G. H. P.

is so then one can understand why the leaders of the Third Party idea are so sanguine, why men as far apart politically as William Borah and Frank A. Munsey talk of the necessity of some move that will shake up both the old parties.

FAUST

LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

(After Albert Samain)

*The light of your pale lamp is nearly done;
Across the page, dawn winds are frolicking.
O Faust, look up! As cocks, to daybreak, sing
The face of God is rising in the sun!*

*Your toes curl up, the chilly floor to shun,
As earth, at morning, smiles. Your own days sting
Like serpents, cursed and self-devouring.*

*Your spirit dies, by evil science won;
Your reason is a wanton wretch, that none
Can render fruitful though it yield to all.*

*But white armed Helen passes, far and fair . . .
Your heart, your old heart, leaps to see her there;
Immortal beauty in a filmy pall;
One dream, to which, forever, man is thrall.*

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

THE LABOR PROBLEM

“IT isn’t the coffee, Steve dear,” says Henrietta in the play. Henrietta was half right. It wasn’t the coffee, or the recurring and recalcitrant furnace, or the dreary details of the daily round. It wasn’t even Henrietta’s recurring and recalcitrant face, provocative of gloom as that might be. But it wasn’t a “suppressed desire,” either, as Henrietta supposed it was. It was a state of mind into which Steve and the rest of us get often enough. We need refreshment, the preacher tells us; we “need to go apart into a high mountain to pray.” The narrow house has made us short-sighted and astigmatic; only clear air and open spaces will enable us to see life steadily and whole.

Feeling thus, perhaps even *thinking* thus, I listened the other night to a heated argument at the club. Years of pedestrian habits have given me a facility at slipping unobtrusively into groups where I do not belong. Usually I listen and am disregarded, as a piece of inoffensive furniture. This time however I had the temerity to speak; — mission furniture I had become, I fear, and not inoffensive.

The group, — a business man, an economist, and a college professor, — were discussing the labor problem. Their arguments were familiar enough. The business man, frankly partisan, held that the only cure was to open the gates wide to immigration. The professor, a veiled partisan of labor, felt that the solution lay in keeping the bars up, and he pleaded that to argue against protection of labor was in effect to argue against a protective tariff. The economist exploded that notion quickly enough. In fact, his chief office appeared to consist in exploding other people’s notions; but the professor, explosive in his own way, kept supplying him with fresh ground for statistics and calculations. Under this withering fire the business man had retreated to the admission that the issue between capital and labor was eternal, in the nature of things, and that therefore compromise was the only solution.

"There must be concessions on both sides," he said with a new, philosophic tone.

"A sort of armed truce!" cried the professor. "And when the issue comes up in a new form, what then?"

"Another compromise," replied the business man.

"And more *concessions!*" The professor shouted it as if he meant "concussions." "My soul, why must stupid people go through the sickening game over and over again? Why can't the issue be decided right once and for all?"

"Because it is an inevitable issue," said the economist quietly.

"Inevitable!" exploded the professor. "Just because capitalistic governments have been unable to solve the problem, you capitalists argue that it is insoluble." Then followed a Putsch for Socialism, which the economist effectively silenced with more statistical machine-gun fire.

It was at this point that I made my unhappy sally. The professor, hoist with his own petard, was busy consolidating his retreat, and the business man, mistaking repetition for argument, had just stated again the eternal nature of the conflict and therefore the necessity of compromise, but with this difference, that it was Labor's turn now to make concessions and that the bars to immigration should be let down a good deal, — in fact "a whole lot."

It was unfortunate that I did not for the moment recall that the business man's Christian name was Stephen; — "Mr. Jor-rocks," I had always called him. So it was a bad beginning when I said sweetly, "It isn't the coffee, Steve dear."

Perhaps that was why he found it difficult to see any sense in my subsequent remarks. But I suspect him of having been committed already to a point of view, though he was positively open-minded compared to the irascible professor. But even the economist treated me with an obliterating mixture of contempt and statistics.

So, after a futile attempt to introduce another point of view, I went out a defeated man. But as I was not quite ready for interment, I resolved to go once more outside the city, to get away from the narrow house to a high hill and look across the years.

Possibly we pedestrians do not live wholly enough in a fleeting present. The driver of an automobile has to be terribly alive to

the emergencies of the moment. Sometimes, though, there is a virtue in looking backward as well as forward. Sometimes, too, pedestrians stop on hill-tops where they enjoy an extensive prospect; not just glance at it, but look long and often.

Not only has the modern conception of the universe become an accepted condition of popular thinking, but modern views regarding church, government, work, and play get accepted without question by the run of mankind. A few eccentric people, a few theorists and misfit idlers, protest in behalf of some odd fancy, the specious merit of which usually lies not in itself, but in its *difference* from "accepted standards." Here and there is a quiet scholar who knows better; here and there a prophet, — usually crying in the wilderness; but the sane people, the people who think they make the world go round, are prodigiously committed to their immediate civilization. It is no doubt natural for them to be so. The long-haired Merovingians in their forests, as the Romans in their forum, probably accepted their passing experience as blandly as our modern "two-fisted" men succumb to theirs. Naturally they are distrustful of panaceas, — "there ain't no such animal." And they find Socialism and other experimental cures worse than the disease, so they muster conviction with repetition and hold that the disease is "in the nature of things." But it does at times look a little like pouring water through a sieve because you can't get it to boil.

Among these commitments, Europe and America have accepted the notion that society is in horizontal stratifications, with capital in the top story and labor in the basement. And a further part of the notion is that the only thing worth doing is to run up-stairs, — or, better yet, to glide up in the elevator. For the capitalist this means building new storeys; for labor it means getting control of the elevator. But suppose the stratifications were *vertical*; men could still satisfy their apparently incurable and no doubt laudable desire to keep going up and yet not interfere with the family in the flat above. Nor is it a wholly fanciful notion to imagine just such vertical stratifications of society. In that great period of history which we used to call "dark" and now call "middle" and may some day call "light," a man might rise to any height without invading another man's domain. The meanest cotter might become Pope; an artisan might become a

great artist; but they could not become, nor did they greatly expect to become, kings or capitalists. Those were other classes, not above them in a business sense, but beside them. Then no doubt, as at all times, men coveted their neighbor's goods, but the conflicts between labor and capital were temporary and accidental. A comparison of the mediaeval guilds with the modern unions tells the whole story, — the one desirous only of safeguarding its own rights in its own home, with a roof against the sky; the other struggling from the basement to dispossess the people in the flats above.

Yes, the professor was right, my hill-top tells me, when he cried out against patched-up truces, but he was wrong, miserably wrong, when he imagined that the trick could be turned by legislation or that a new kind of government was the panacea. It isn't a question of tariff, or of the cost of living, or of equitable wages, or of immigration, or of competition, — "it isn't the coffee, Steve dear"; it's a state of mind.

A state of mind, a "way of life," is not begotten of legislation. Nor yet of propaganda, though some people would appear to think so. Even education cannot produce it with certainty. It implies more than a mere *decision* about labor, it implies a philosophy of life; and that means a revaluation of all sorts of things, — indeed, a new civilization. A new state of mind may require a new state of soul.

But the economist says that times and conditions have changed; and the business man says we have a "concrete issue" to face; and the professor still wants to try legislation. So I suppose we shall still go on pouring water through sieves. I am reminded of the Scot whose wife requested him to bury her in Carracuddy.

"No, Mary," he said, "I'll bury ye in Edinburgh; it's cheaper."

"Sandy," she cried, "ye'll bury me in Carracuddy, else I'll haunt ye."

"Mary, an I maun bury ye in Carracuddy, I'll bury ye in Carracuddy, — but I'll try ye in Edinburgh first."

The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — V

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

ALIX de MOUVERAY has rejoined her mother, Madame Vervier, at the seaside village of Les Vaudettes, in Normandy, after a sojourn of several months in England with the family of Owen Bradley, a young English officer whom her mother had befriended during his furloughs in France before his death at the Front. The Bradleys had gladly received Alix, first out of gratitude for the kindness she and Madame Vervier had shown to Owen, and later for her own sake. A special friendship has developed between Alix and Toppie Westmacott, the fiancée of the dead officer, who is the object of a hopeless devotion on the part of Owen's younger brother, Giles.

Giles has guessed the real nature of Owen's relation with Madame Vervier, while his mother and Toppie have not even suspected it. Alix accidentally discovered that Owen had deceived them all by letting them believe he had had only one furlough, instead of the three which he had spent in France as her mother's guest. She has guarded this secret in order to spare the feelings of Owen's mother and fiancée, but the knowledge has been a painful burden to her, for it has cast a doubt on her mother's character and made her feel that she was living with the Bradleys under false pretences.

Feeling that Madame Vervier and her friends constitute a bad influence for Alix, Giles agreed to escort Alix home. Instead of a sinister and baleful figure, Giles has found in Madame Vervier a beautiful, sympathetic woman of the world whose presence in itself is sufficient to sweep most men off their feet. He is disarmed by the simplicity and charm of her surroundings, the intelligence and grace of her friends, and a little bewildered by the profound difference between their views of life and his English standards. One of her house guests is André de Valenbois, a charming young man whom Giles thinks of as a possible husband for Alix. But on the second day of his visit he overhears a scrap of conversation at the tennis courts that identifies André as the present lover of Madame Vervier, — the successor of his dead brother, and many others.

In his repudiation of the code which condones this situation, Giles feels more than ever that Alix must be got back to England where her future can be as safely left to chance as that of his own sisters.

PART TWO

CHAPTER IX

IT was not until next day that the time came, when Madame Vervier said to him, after luncheon, "I find it too hot for tennis today. Will you stay behind and talk with me, Monsieur Giles?" Monsieur de Maubert, also, was going to Allonnaville to watch the tennis; André's motor

waited at the gate. And as they all parted on the verandah, Giles saw that Alix cast a long look at him, — poor Alix! How little she could guess at what he hoped for from this interview. If Madame Vervier had known her intentions, he had his. And though he believed they would not clash, his heart was beating quickly as he followed her to the drawing-room.

The drawing-room was fresh and pal-

pale in its citrons, whites, and dim jade-greens that the sunlight outside, shining against the transparent reed blinds, looked tawny in its fierce, prowling splendor. The sea was there, sparkling across the lower half of the long windows, and the sky of another blue was across the upper half, and the vines and honeysuckle outside hardly stirred. There were bowls of sweet-smelling white roses from the garden, and Madame Vervier was in white. Her russet hair was all tossed back today and there was something ingenuous in the shape of her forehead thus uncovered, something candid and child-like. In her hand, as she sat before Giles, she held a stone, — a flat, smooth stone, pinkish-gray, that she had perhaps picked up on the beach in one of her walks at dawn. She held it, weighing it slightly from time to time, and from time to time putting it against her lips or cheek, as if to enjoy its coolness.

Giles knew that she was not beautiful if computed or examined by standards of exactitude, that her eyes were small, her nose a little flattened, her mouth clumsily drawn; but power so emanated from her gaze, magic so pervaded her lips and brows, sweetness lay with such a bloom of light upon her, that every imperfection was dissolved in the unity that made a sort of music in his mind.

"You know, then," said Madame Vervier. Her arm lay along the table beside her. She looked across at him and held the stone in her upturned palm. The throb of André's car had long since faded down the lane. The house was still; and Giles felt that his heart was trembling. To see Madame Vervier, to remember Toppie, was almost to feel that he himself was Owen.

"Yes. I've known from the beginning."

"Alix told me," said Madame Vervier, "you saw us one day in the Bois."

"Yes," said Giles.

"And she tells me you feel him to have been unfaithful to his betrothed."

"Yes," Giles repeated. He was amazed yet not overwhelmed by her direct approach. He kept his eyes upon her. "Unfaithful."

There was a weight in the word that Madame Vervier would not feel, for André was now entangled with his thought of Owen. It was hardly eighteen months

ago; and André had succeeded Owen. But all unaware, as she might well be, of his further knowledge, her next words answered, by implication, the charge. If she admitted contemporaneity in love, why not succession? "There," she said, "you were mistaken. We were lovers it is true; but he knew that it was not to last. He knew that if not death, then life must part us. In his heart he was not unfaithful. He would have gone back to her."

"Do you mean with a lie?" asked Giles.

"I imagine it would have been with a lie. But the essential would be there. He had not ceased to love her. It was not his fault. He was swept away."

Had she looked like that when she had swept Owen away? He tried to beat down the vision that assailed him: Owen sitting before her, as he now sat, in the pale, fresh, shaded room; Owen rising suddenly to take her in his arms. There would be no surprise to her in that, — she would have seen it coming. "You mean that it was your fault, then?"

"No, I do not mean that," Madame Vervier answered, and as, in speaking, she weighed her stone lightly up and down, her eyes on his, he felt that it was his heart rather than her own guilt she weighed. "No; he moored his boat at the edge of a torrent. That was all. He was swept away."

"That was what Alix said of you."

"What Alix said of me?"

"That you were like a mountain torrent. She wanted me to understand you. She thought I might be of help to you some day. She thought of you, poor child, as in some kind of danger. How can you say it wasn't your fault?" Giles demanded and with the thought of Alix and what she hoped from him he felt that he struggled to keep his footing. "I believe that's what you live for: to carry men away," he heard himself unbelievably uttering, and it seemed to him, as the sombre magic of her eyes dwelt on him, that it was for Owen he was speaking, and for all the others; since now he understood them all.

For a long time she said nothing. When she spoke at last it was not in anger. It was, rather, with a strange mildness. "I do not overflow my banks, ever. You must not launch your boat upon me; that is all."

If he had found himself understanding them all, was it possible that she saw him merely as one of them? Was she warning him? Had she seen his need of warning? Giles felt his face growing hot.

Madame Vervier was observing him with grave but faintly ironic kindliness. "If I am a torrent, if I am dangerous to myself and others, my nature is there as it was given to me. I may not alter it. The blame lies with those who are unwary."

"That may be true," Giles muttered. "I've nothing to do with you, of course. I don't understand you. But I do understand my brother. His weakness doesn't excuse him."

"You are severe. You have never felt a great passion, that is evident. The feeling he had for me was so different from the feeling he had for Toppie that infidelity was hardly in question."

"Hardly in question? Don't you see that it shut him away from her forever?" Indignation was in the young man's voice. "Don't you see that a man who chooses one kind of love turns his back on the other?"

"Not if he is strong enough," Madame Vervier, with her mildness returned. "We pay, it is true, for most things in life. It is painful to have a secret from the heart nearest ours; yet one need not regret one's secret. I believe that Owen would have been strong enough not to regret. Strong enough," Madame Vervier, while she dropped the quiet phrases kept her faint smile, "not to grow to hate me because he could not tell Toppie how much he had loved me."

Was it true? Giles wondered, sitting there before her, his head bent down while he stared up at her from under his brows, frowning and intent. Could Owen ever have been as strong as that? And would it have been strength? No; Madame Vervier might have armed him against remorse; but she did not know Toppie. Toppie's radiance would have fallen back, dimmed, startled, from the presence of the thing hidden yet operative in her life and Owen's. A canker would have eaten; bitterness and darkness would have spread. Either her radiance would have withdrawn from him, or, beating too strongly at his defences, it would have discovered all. Dismay, devastation would have broken in upon them, and if Toppie could

still have forgiven it would have been with a sick and altered heart. But he could not talk to Madame Vervier about Toppie. The strange thing was, as he thought about Toppie, feeling himself safe now from the torrent, that he began to understand Madame Vervier.

"You think of yourself as very strong," he said suddenly, and in their long silence he could see that something of her security had left her; it was as if she felt the approach of an unforeseen adversary. "You think you can do as you like with life. You're not afraid of life; and that is rather splendid of you, — if I may say so. But it's never occurred to you to be afraid of yourself. And the time might come, you know, when you'd be carried away, too."

"Carried away?" Madame Vervier was unprepared, and in her momentary confusion it was with haughtiness that she spoke.

"Yes; and if you were, you'd be helpless, as he was, as all the others are. And you'd find, I believe, that you couldn't go back quietly to the things you'd jeopardized. You made Owen suffer; I'm sure of it. You gave him more suffering than happiness. He lost Toppie through you, and he knew he'd lost her. He couldn't have lived with Toppie on a lie. The payment may be more than our own suffering, it may be other people's. That's what you don't seem to see. And as for doing as you like, with yourself and other people, it doesn't work, the kind of life you lead. It will spoil you, too. More and more you'll be battered and bruised. It's horrible to think of, — and at last I'm wrecked. Or else so petrified and hardened that nothing can really come to you any more. That's the way it would happen with anyone like you," Giles had looked away from her in speaking, but now he lifted his eyes to hers again. "I feel sure of it."

Madame Vervier sat there, her arm lying on the table, her hand holding the stone, and looked fixedly upon him. He had thought of nothing definite, of nothing imminent; he had only been able to speak because the thought of Toppie had come to him so overmasteringly, arming him with repudiation of Madame Vervier's philosophy. But now, as she was silent for so long, he saw suddenly what

the fear was that, like a Medusa head, he had held up before her. She was older than André de Valenbois; she loved him passionately; and she was not sure of him. It was in her eyes, in her silence, that Giles read the fear. And he was sorry for her.

"It need not be as you say, if one has wisdom," said Madame Vervier, and after a long pause it was as if the strength he had called in question came creeping back into her frozen veins. "Do not fear for me too much. I shall know when youth is over. I shall know when the laurels are out and winter has come to the woods. I shall be able to furl my sails before the right comes on; and if one furls one's sails in time, Monsieur Giles, one is never wrecked. And there will be, I trust, a little harbor for me somewhere. Alix's children love me. And my memories. I shall be in old age a much happier woman than most. Most old women," Madame Vervier smiled on, "have only to remember how they were loved by nobody."

Giles, as he considered her, felt a dim smart of tears rising to his eyes. She had done with him as Alix had hoped she would. He saw her as lovely; as menaced. He wished that he could protect her.

"You have seen me and my life a little too logically, too rigidly, my kind Monsieur Giles. I did not choose it so. It chose me, rather."

"Ah," Giles exclaimed, "that's what I feel in you. That's my excuse for what I've said to you. You are so much too good for it."

"The mountain torrent, at twenty-three," said Madame Vervier, "is not a philosopher. No; I did not see what I was leaping to, but I saw plainly what I left. And I do not say that I regret. All I do say is that I wish no leaps for Alix. Let us now speak of Alix. I am well aware that you have not come to France in order to understand or grow fond of her mother, — kind though you are."

"As to Alix, you want for her what I want."

"Safety. Yes," said Madame Vervier. "The deep, quiet stream."

"She's that already. Alix isn't a mountain torrent."

"Ah, we none of us know what we are till we come to the precipice," said Madame Vervier. "But I trust your reading of her. There is in Alix an austerity that

sometimes disconcerts me. Yours is a nature nearer hers than mine. I have thought of it deeply in these last days, Monsieur Giles, and I have made up my mind. Will you marry her?" said Madame Vervier, laying down the stone.

CHAPTER X

Giles sat transfixed. "There are many things to consider," Madame Vervier pursued, simply and tranquilly: your position, your prospects. They are not, I gather, brilliant. But one of the gravest disadvantages of a position like mine is that it narrows my field of choice. In France it is not one little individual choosing another; it is one family choosing another. It is two *foyers* coming together to found a third. I have spoiled all this for Alix." Madame Vervier took up her stone again, again weighing it in her hand, and now it was as if she weighed the sense of her culpability towards her child. "I have spoiled it. Money would have helped me to atone; but not only was I not *philosophe* at twenty-three; I was also credulous, ignorant, reckless. The man for whom I left my husband was poor and had great schemes. I gave him all I had. He sucked me dry. *C'était un bien méchant homme*," Madame Vervier remarked in a tone of surpassing detachment, "and what would have been my fate I cannot tell had not the admirable friend who rescued me from his clutches left me, on dying, a small annuity. That is all I dispose of. And with what I have been able to set aside for Alix year by year, I have amassed only the tiniest dot: hardly enough to clothe her. It is a long story, but for the present it is enough that you should see why, aside from my own position, there is for Alix no possibility of a suitable marriage in France. Whereas in England all is different."

"Yes, it's different in England," Giles muttered, since she paused for his assent. He was still too transfixed by the sudden theme to dispose of his own thoughts. He felt as if Madame Vervier, with her calm, her deliberation, her fluency, were casting, loop by loop, a silken net about him. And he, the dismayed and astonished fish, looked here and there through the meshes for a means of escape that would not too violently tear the web.

"Quite different," said Madame Ver-

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vier. "That's why I sent her to England. That's why I make you my proposal now. In blood Alix is much your superior. Your fortune, I know, is small, your position obscure. But I like you, Monsieur Giles, — I like you very much. And you like Alix very much. I have seen that."

So she gathered up the last strand and considered her captive before drawing him definitely on shore.

"And poor little Alix? Where does she come in?" broke from Giles.

"Why poor? It would not with you be brilliant; but it would be safe. You will be tender and faithful always."

"And aren't her feelings to count at all in this disposal of her? She'd never have me," Giles declared with a sort of indignant mirth.

"You underrate your attractions," said Madame Vervier indulgently. "Alix is very fond of you. And she is still a child. We may for a year or two put the question of Alix's feelings aside. At her age one has no feelings. It lies with you, and with me, to see that when the time comes they are the right ones."

"But I care for somebody else!" Giles heard himself almost shouting. It was unbelievable that he should have to say to Madame Vervier what he never explicitly said to himself; unbelievable that he must set the sacred figure of Toppie between them.

"Somebody else?" Madame Vervier repeated. Giles had grown pale with the shock of his own avowal, yet all the same he was aware of a side glance at the comedy of her discomfiture. It was as if all the strands dropped from her hands.

She might be discomfited, but she retained her resourcefulness. "Somebody I know of?"

"Yes."

It was then Madame Vervier, after their little pause, who supplied, with a strange softness, the evident name: "Toppie."

"Yes; Toppie." Giles turned his head away and fixed his eyes on the blue outside.

Very gently Madame Vervier laid down her stone, — Giles was never to forget the look of that smooth, pinkish-gray stone, — and folded her hands in her lap. She rested her eyes upon the young man. Though his head was turned away from

her, Giles knew that she was looking at him, — and the silence in the pale room with the brilliant day beating from without upon it, grew long. It grew so long that Giles had time to draw his mind from his own confusion and to wonder what was in hers.

Then, when she spoke, her voice was unexpected, that it was as if a new chapter in his knowledge of her opened gently before his eyes. Uncertainty, hesitation was in it; something almost shy; a lovely sweetness. It was revealed to him that for all her goddess-like invulnerability she might have known a qualm of pity for Toppie; it was revealed to him that the romantic girl still lived in her heart, rapid in the wonder of a love-story. "But then does not that make it all right?" she said. "How do you mean, right?" Giles asked.

"If you love Toppie? Will you not marry her? Will you not both be happy, — in your beautiful English way of happiness, forever after?"

She was smiling at him from her cloud of shyness, seeming to feel the secret disclosed to her too beautiful and delicate for her to venture near its nest; and that child-like quality he had seen in her forehead irradiated all her features, while in her sincerest, most ingenuous joy she forgot her own hopes.

"You see," said Giles, and he spoke gently to that child, "Toppie would never have me. She'll never love anyone but Owen."

Owen's name did not for a moment stay her. "Never? Oh no. You are young enough to believe in that word; so is she. You may trust me when I tell you that is a word too large for our slight human nature. So many eternities," Madame Vervier smiled at him, "I have seen me away."

"She'd never have me," Giles repeated.

"You think no one will have you! It is not so. Have you tried?"

"No," Giles shook his head. "I don't think I want to try, really, — I don't think I want her different."

"*Dieu!*" Madame Vervier now breathed. "You will embrace a celibate life?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I shall. I never thought about it," poor Giles muttered. "I've never thought about Toppie in that way. I've always loved her, — ever since

was a boy, — knowing that she could only be for somebody else."

"But then," Madame Vervier in a slight bewilderment groped her way among these unfamiliar shapes, "If you have never thought about her in that way, perhaps you will be able to think about it. She, too, cares so much for your Toppie. Toppie would become your patron saint. Does it interfere with what I had planned for you and Alix?"

"I'm afraid it does."

"I have blundered," said Madame Vervier. "Forgive me. We will speak of it no more."

"But you've spoken of it beautifully. I'm glad to have you know," said Giles, and the strange sense that this was so made part of his amazement.

"We will speak quite differently, then, of Alix," said Madame Vervier. "We will talk of her not as your future wife, but as our little friend. Even so she is fortunate. And I! How fortunate I am; for I know that I can count upon you absolutely. You will help me as no one else can. If not you, then another English husband. Who is this Lady Mary of whom Alix has written to me? She has sons?"

It was like being borne on the wings of a great aeroplane from continent to continent, — one nearly as strange as the other. Giles felt inclined to gasp and ask for mercy. He could not go so fast or rise so far without a sense of giddiness.

"Lady Mary Hamble? Sons? I'm sure I don't know," he said.

"You have no *relations* with her?"

"I've only seen her once in my life."

"She asked Alix to go to them. It was very foolish of her not to have gone. If I had been there it would not have happened so. I gathered from the impression Alix had of her that it would be a good *lieu*."

"Oh, excellent I should say. Much better than ours, of course," Giles was able to recover something of his own broad smile, — the farce of it, to his being, breaking through not too strongly. "You're quite right about us. We're not brilliant at all."

"So I had inferred." Madame Vervier considered him with kind and lucid eyes. She will, I think, have sons. Since it is a position, there will be a son to inherit it."

"Well, yes. There certainly might be,"

said the laughing Giles. He leaned back, clasping his ankle with his hands, and took open possession of his mirth.

Madame Vervier, all indulgence, showed her awareness of its grounds. "It is strange to you, almost horrifying, that I should have such computations, is it not?"

"Well, I don't know. Plenty of English mothers have them, of course. Only they're not so frank about them. All the same, you know, you mustn't count upon us in that line. If Alix came back to us she'd be like one of my sisters; trained, if you like, to a profession. Marriage would only be by chance, for her, as for them."

"*Dieu!* You are a strange people!" said Madame Vervier. "To leave to chance what is of the most vital importance in a woman's life. You live *dans le brouillard*. I am not *féministe*. I think a professional life deplorable for a woman. An artist's life is happier; but I hope that my Alix may find the happiest life: the life of a woman married well. So, if she returns to England, it is for the sake of the chances, and you, I believe, will help to make them for her. To begin with, you will see that she accepts Lady Mary Hamble's next invitation."

"Confound her impudence!" Giles was saying to himself, but he was saying it tenderly. He was enjoying her impudence; it was part of the comedy that, for all her pitiful, her tragic aspects, she offered him.

"The question that now remains is: does she return to you? She does not expect to. You will have gathered that she feels very keenly your brother's silence in regard to his visits to us in Paris."

Again it was a case of her surpassing detachment. She went to the heart of the matter as if it had been, merely, a question of his brother. Yet the strange thing was that, though so detached, she did not affect one as callous.

"How much wiser had he written quite openly and naturally of his leaves to Paris," she continued. "The tone should have been kept to the tone of Cannes. Ah, it is indeed a pity that he showed so little resource."

"I don't suppose Owen was in a state of mind to feel resourceful," said Giles sombrely. When Madame Vervier spoke like this chasms opened between them. "I think I like him the better for it."

"Ah, and I do not love him the less! I

do not even blame him. And it is this leniency of mine that has given Alix her first perplexity in regard to my conduct. Or is it her first? Who knows what goes on in those innocent but astute young hearts! Ah, Monsieur Giles, that, you would like to tell me, will be the worst punishment of all: when Alix knows." She rose as she spoke, and moved, with her light, majestic step, to the window. She pulled up the blind, for the sun no longer beat into the room, and stood looking out for a moment, her back turned to him. Then she said, "But Alix, like you, is kind. I do not fear for our relation. When she is of an age to hear the truth, she shall hear it."

"She loves you very deeply," said Giles. He too had risen and moved to the mantelpiece where the picture of Alix in its blue and silver frame stood. He looked at it in silence for some moments.

"And how will you persuade her to come back?" he said at last.

"I shall attempt no persuasion. She will obey me. She will wonder at me for sending her. She will feel that it should too much offend my pride to send her back on false pretences. But she will obey. And since the pretences are not too false for your taste, Monsieur Giles, they are not too false for mine."

"They *are* too false for my taste," said Giles. "It's Alix I'm thinking of. I sacrifice my taste to her."

"And I," said Madame Vervier, "sacrifice my pride."

She stood there looking out, white against the blue, and her voice for all its calm, was sombre. "I am not ungrateful. Do not think me ungrateful. I see what you do for my child."

"I see what *you* do for her," said Giles.

"Ah, but I am a mother!"

"It must be all the harder," said Giles. "You consent to see yourself belittled in her eyes. And you consent to live without her."

Madame Vervier stood silent at that for a long moment. Something of the grave ardor in the young Englishman's voice may well have touched her to a deeper vision of herself, and of him. It was as if arrested that she stood contemplating the novel homage laid at her feet. For, after her pause, she turned suddenly, and fixed her dark gaze upon him. He was never to forget her as she stood

there, against the great sea and sky; never to forget his sense of a greatness, a unanimity, like the sky's, arching above her earthly errors. It remained with him even though the last words she spoke were so sad, as if, instead of the splendor divined in her, she held out to him a handful of dust.

"Do not think too well of me," she said. "I like you too much. With you there can be no pretence. Do not think too well. It is best for Alix; but it is best for me, too, that she should not be near my life."

CHAPTER XI

"Then she is coming back. I am glad. I was afraid, from things she said once or twice, about herself, about her life in France with her mother, that she might not be coming," said Toppie.

She and Giles sat up on the ridge where the junipers grew. The pine woods were behind them; below were the birches in their autumnal dress of bronze and gold, and brooding over all a sky of dusty rose. It was the evening of the hottest September day, and the breeze hardly stirred the spices of the pines.

Giles was only returned from a walking trip in Cornwall, and Toppie and her father had been in Bournemouth when he had returned from France, so that this was their first meeting. Mr. Westmacott was not well and the sea had done him no good. Toppie was worn with nursing him. From something deep and watchful in her eyes, the feeling came to Giles that Toppie's father was even more ill than they had guessed and that she was schooling herself to the thought of losing him. With her father gone, Toppie's last close link with earth would be severed.

But she had not spoken of herself or her anxieties this afternoon. They had climbed the hill slowly, stopping to look back at the sky, and Toppie had found this favorite spot among the junipers and had sat down, taking off her Panama hat, bent over like a boy's, and laying it again on her knees as she half sat, half lay in the deep heather. She wore her usual graceful again an almost boyish formula; the thin silk jumper rolled back from the throat, the thin pleated skirt falling to her ankles. Her pale hair was ruffled up over the black silk ribbon that bound it. As she sat the

While he lay beside her on his arm, Giles had never felt Toppie so near him. It was more sad than sweet to feel her so. It gave him the feeling he would have had if she were going away on a long journey and could be so near because she was to be so far. And she talked to him of his time in France and of Alix.

"Yes, she's coming back all right," Giles said. "I am glad you are glad; for I am. It's as if the child belonged to us, isn't it?"

"It is quite strange, Giles, how much I feel that," said Toppie, turning her eyes on him. She was thinking of him because she was thinking of Alix, just as she had always, in the past, thought of him because she was thinking of Owen. From the first moment I felt that she belonged. Perhaps it was because of what Owen had written. He was so fond of her. Even then I used to think that some day, after the war left us to each other, we would have Alix come and stay with us often. Giles, you were very bad about letters while you were in France. Never one to write; and hardly anything to your mother about Madame Vervier. Only that she was charming and had a charming house. You told us more about Monsieur de Laubert, — was that the name? — and the young man who ought to have worn a ruff and fought with Henry of Navarre. I liked so much what you said about him. I felt as if he ought to have known Owen. As if they would have been friends. But of course what we most wanted to hear was about Alix's mother. Tell me everything now; everything you thought."

"Everything. Well, that's rather difficult, you know," Giles turned over on his elbow and looked down at the heather, pulling his hat over his eyes. "She's very different from Alix."

"Is she? I'd always imagined her so much the same."

"Almost as different as it is possible for a mother to be from her child," said Giles. "Now it had pleased, how it had lightened his heart to hear what Toppie had just been saying of Alix and her return to him; and how dismayed he knew himself to be by this further stretch of her interest. "As different as that?" Toppie questioned, and with the faintest flavor of stress in the question. "Owen always wrote as if she were lovely, too."

"Oh, as far as that goes she's lovelier, I suppose. Where Alix is like a crystal she is like a flower. And they both have that dignity and security, you know."

"The same in loveliness; the same in dignity and security, — in what ways different, then, Giles?"

He knew that there was hardly anything he could say of Madame Vervier that it would not be unwise to say. He watched an ant, disturbed by his change of posture, thread its anxious way amongst the tufts of heather and felt that he was like the ant. He, too, must go forward and find the path that promised most safety. "Well, she's more impulsive, I feel, — more selfish, less fastidious."

"Less fastidious?" and it was as if he had presented her with an object that she turned reluctantly, and with surprise, in her hands. "How strange! Owen gave me the impression of some one quite finished, quite exquisite, — in every way. How do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't quite know," said Giles, and he feared it was uneasily. "Merely in the sense, perhaps, that she'd put up with all sorts of queer people, for the sake of not being bored, that Alix wouldn't care to have. She is exquisite, very exquisite."

"You did like her, didn't you, Giles? Very, very much?"

"Well, hardly very, very. She's not my sort, really."

He could not see Toppie's features, but he felt her more intent, and in her next words he saw that he had seemed to call Owen's taste in question, — as well as Madame Vervier's. "Wasn't that only because you didn't see enough of her? She was so much Owen's sort."

"It doesn't follow she'd be mine, does it? Owen and I were really very different, weren't we, Toppie dear?"

"Yes; very different. But you always liked the same people. It surprises me that you shouldn't like Alix's mother."

"But I didn't say that, Toppie! Liking isn't the word. She is charming. She is too charming; that's what it comes to," Giles felt himself go forward to a new outlet. "Too much the woman of fashion; too sophisticated and highly flavored for any one so simple as I am. You know I am much simpler than Owen. He was a man of the world. If one's just the shambling, shabby scholastic type one will never feel

at home with brilliant, resourceful people. It's as if," Giles found the simile with satisfaction, "I liked rice pudding, while Owen could appreciate Pêche Melba."

If Toppie smiled, it was with reserve. "You like me, Giles. I'm not Pêche Melba; but I'm not, I hope, rice pudding either."

"No, you don't come into such categories," Giles smiled back. "If one could find a fruit that tasted of frost and sunlight, a fruit one could pick only at day-break, — golden, and chill, and sweet, — that would be you, Toppie. A sort of apple of the Hesperides, that one must sail and sail for ever and a day to find."

Something that came into his voice made him stop suddenly. And Toppie, too, was silent for a moment. When she spoke it was carefully, as if guiding their steps away from a menace to their quiet.

"That's a charming compliment, Giles. I sometimes think, shambling and shabby though you call yourself, that you are a poet as well as a philosopher. But I'm sorry, you know, to feel Madame Vervier lose by what I gain. Owen wrote of her as some one he so wanted me to know. I can't believe he'd have wanted me to know anyone who was worldly and luxurious and meretricious."

Was that the picture he had, all unwittingly, drawn for Toppie? The blood came to Giles' face. It was to be displayed to his own eyes as disloyal. He saw Madame Vervier's figure standing against the great arch of the sky; he saw her rising up from the sea at dawn; he smelt the beeswax and sea-shells and cool, clean linen. "But I don't mean that at all," he stammered.

"If she's like the things rich people eat in restaurants; if she's unfastidious and resourceful, —"

"You mustn't press mere metaphor so far, Toppie. I said she was like a flower, too. She is as out-of-door a creature as Alix herself. She belongs more to the cliffs and the sea than to restaurants. That's really the most vivid impression I have of her, as I used to see her at sunrise, coming up from the sea after a morning swim. Like poetry and music personified, she used to look, walking against the dawn."

Toppie's eyes were on him. It was curious how cold her eyes could be. It was

as if, though Toppie herself were not judging you, the height, the light that her eyes conveyed, revealed you to her as creeping and dingy. "I don't understand you," she said. She spoke gently, as if to mitigate the coldness that fell from her gaze.

"But what is it you don't understand, Toppie!" He felt it so unfair that he should be displayed to Toppie as creeping and dingy when all that he was trying to do was to shield her from any hurt. Yet there was another reason for the fretfulness of his exclamation, he knew: His loyalty to Madame Vervier had betrayed him to too much ardor. Ardor had been in his voice. And Toppie must have heard it.

"That you should say such different things of Owen's friend," Toppie replied at once. "You contradict yourself. I am as if you were hiding something from me."

Poor Giles. His hat brim was drawn down, but that could not conceal the helpless red that surged up over his face and neck. He felt it rise, the burning, dazed confusion, while, with sudden fear at a sickness of heart, he groped for an answer. And her blow had been so unlooked for that the only answer that came was as helpless as his blush: "I'm sure I don't know what you mean. What could there be to hide?"

But there was no escape for him from Toppie's gaze. Giles, his eyes fixed on the heather, felt it dwell upon him, and when at last, she looked away, it was as if she had seen the falsity between them. And all that she said, in accents of snow, was "I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you will tell me."

"Toppie, this is absurd, you know. You put me in a ridiculous position. It is up to one, naturally, to be cross-questioned if one were a shifty witness. People are so complicated and contradictory creatures. On one side of her nature Madame Vervier may be weak and erring, and on the other she may be like a goddess. How do I know? I've hardly seen her."

And then Toppie made an astonishing statement. Turning her eyes from him to the heather looking before her at the dull rose she looked coldly, though gently, and with a poised tone that showed how deeply she was feeling, she said, "If you've fallen in love with her, Giles, why should you not say

"Why should you try to hide it as though you were ashamed? She is a widow, is she not? There is no reason, is there, why you should not love her? It hurts me that you should speak like that, — keeping things back, twisting your real feelings just I should see them. You speak of her as though you were ashamed of loving her."

CHAPTER XII

Giles, while Toppie spoke, had started up, resting his hand and staring at her with eyes aghast and stupefied. What folly, what madness was this? How could Toppie find it in her heart to speak like this; to him, of all people?

Yet in another moment, while he stared at her, memory had answered him. A vein of piercing intuition underlay Toppie's blunder. It was only a half blunder. His misery of confusion had been for Owen, because of Owen's secret that he had to hide. And she had seen it as for himself. But it was true that he had, if only for a moment, been in love with Madame Vervier. He had, for a moment, partaken of the experience that swept men away. The figure of Madame Vervier was haloed for him by fiery, dewy associations, and the pang of his sense of disloyalty to her would not have been so deep had he not known in her presence that poignant, perilous revelation of beauty. He saw all this while, silently, he stared at Toppie, and he saw that she could never, never understand or admit his half truth. It was a weakness even to think of its avowal.

"How can you say anything so monstrous to me, Toppie," he questioned sternly, "when you know I've never loved anyone but you?" This, indeed, was a whole truth that it behooved Toppie not to traduce.

But his sternness did not deflect her. "There are different kinds of love. I know you love me. I will always be grateful to you for your devotion. But you are not in love with me. You've never known what it was to be in love till you met Madame Vervier. Oh, Giles, — you must see what I see so plainly! Perhaps you really think that I could be hurt and jealous in feeling myself no longer first. That is so wrong of you. It would lift a burden from me if I could see you happy. I should be so glad, so glad of your happiness."

"Good heavens, Toppie!" Giles now sprang to his feet and stood above her, scarlet with grief and dismay. "This is the most extraordinary nonsense! Happiness! With another woman! With Alix's mother! She's old enough to be mine if it comes to that; and as to marrying me, — she'd as soon think of marrying a Chinaman. People haven't these romantic ideas about marrying in France, I can assure you. Marry me!" Giles suddenly found himself forced by the thought to a loud laugh. "Besides," he added, "why should you think that Monsieur Vervier is dead?"

He felt in the silence that followed these last unguarded words that Toppie looked at him strangely, and as he heard them echo he felt that the bewildered ant had indeed stumbled on a luckless path.

"Owen always wrote of her as though she were a widow," said Toppie, going slowly. "But you know so much more about her than Owen ever knew. In those few days you saw and learned things he never saw. Perhaps you do know about Monsieur Vervier. Perhaps you know that he isn't dead; that she isn't free. If that is so, doesn't it explain even more? Oh, Giles, — I am afraid —" She stopped. She looked away. He saw the blood rising in her cheek as she checked the speech that must give him too much offence.

"I suppose what you mean," said Giles gloomily, "is that I do know she isn't free, and that therefore, being in love with her, my love is a guilty passion. Something of that sort, what? Well, if you won't take my word for it, there's no more for me to say, is there?" Resentment had come into his voice. "We'd better be going."

"I accuse you of nothing, Giles," said Toppie. "Only, I am sure that something has happened. From the moment you spoke of Madame Vervier I heard that your voice was changed, — so strained and full of reluctance. You wanted to say all against her that you could find to say. You wanted to guard yourself against your own feeling. But what came through, from the beginning, was that you found her, — beautiful, mysterious, compelling." Toppie found the words, a tremor in her voice. "What came through was that she was a goddess."

Giles stood motionless, gazing down at

her. He was seeing suddenly straight into Toppie's heart. How futile were his denials, when he could deny only for himself, — and not for the other. The vein of intuition in Toppie had led her to the portals of the truth. The name she saw inscribed there was the wrong name; that was all. She knew that both he and Owen had felt her a goddess. A chill of fear crept about Giles' heart.

"Come; we'd better be going," he repeated. He heard that his voice was harsh. He would discuss no further, and he held out his hand to her. Toppie took it and rose to her feet.

She meant to be kind to him. She meant to be his friend; but in spite of all his compassionate understanding of her, his fear for her, what came over him, in wave after wave of grief and resentment, as they went down the hill together, was that she was cold and hard.

"Owen never said she was a widow; but I'm sure he believed her to be one. Forgive me, Giles, but have you heard what makes you think she may not be? What do you know of Monsieur Vervier? Alix has never spoken of him."

"Alix probably never saw him. Her mother spoke of him. She said he was a bad man."

"And she didn't say whether he were alive or dead?"

"No. We weren't talking about him. We were talking about Alix's future. Alix will have hardly any dot, it seems, because Monsieur Vervier made away with all her mother's money. They are parted."

"Did she leave him, or did he leave her?"

"She left him," said Giles after a moment, and he felt his voice harden towards Toppie. "Continue your cross-examination, pray."

"But you know so much, so surprisingly much, Giles. How can I help asking? How can I help feeling interest in Alix's mother, in Owen's friend? It isn't cross-examination. It is unkind of you to say that."

"I don't mean to be unkind. It's you who are unkind, I think. Ask any questions you like."

"How long after her first husband's death did she marry Monsieur Vervier? May I ask that?"

"Certainly you may," said Giles. His

bitterness carried him so far. Then he paused, aghast. He had taken it for granted that to Toppie Alix would have spoken of her mother's misfortune as frankly as she had to him. But while he made his pause he determined that there should be no half measure here. Toppie should not again accuse him of double dealing. "Didn't Alix ever tell you that her mother was divorced?" he demanded.

For a moment Toppie said nothing. Then she spoke, softly, as if in all sincerity she could not believe what she heard. "What did you say, Giles?"

"Alix told me, the day I brought her here last winter, that her father and mother had been divorced. If she didn't tell you, that was, no doubt, because she took it for granted that I would."

And again came Toppie's dire silence. "And why didn't you?"

"Why should I? It was none of our affair."

"Isn't Alix our affair?"

"Certainly. And she has nothing to do with Monsieur Vervier."

"She has something to do with her mother."

"She is the product of her mother. Do you find fault with it?"

They had reached the road that wound among the birch woods and dusk had fallen in it. The sky, paled to a faint apricot tint, shone dimly between the trees. Toppie stood still on the wayside grass and looked at him. Pale and wraith-like in the dusk, she fixed her eyes upon him and they were dark with their repudiation. "Alix is not the product of her mother. Alix is good and her mother may be bad. You know better than I do what you think of her mother. It's you I find fault with, Giles. Your words don't tell me what you think."

"I've kept nothing from you," said Giles. It was a lie. He knew it and he saw that Toppie knew it.

"Did she leave Monsieur Vervier with another man? Was she unfaithful to Monsieur Vervier, too? Is she a woman who has had — lovers?" said Toppie, and the word was strange on her lips.

Giles stood there, stricken. He was so aware of horrible danger, that he could hardly command his thoughts to an order. All that came was a helpless literalness. There was no refuge from Toppie's eyes

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid she is. That's the trouble, you see."

Toppie then looked away from him. She looked round her, standing so still, with no gesture of amazement or distress. But there was a sudden wildness in her eyes.

"Toppie, dear Toppie," Giles pleaded. "She is not a bad woman. Wrong; but not bad. You can't judge of these things. I'm not defending her. It's only that seeing her, seeing all the beauty she has made in her life, I cannot feel about her mistakes as I should have thought I would. That's why you felt me strained in speaking of her. It was a shock to me. And I didn't want you to know. Put it away now, Toppie, I do beg of you. It has nothing, nothing to do with us. She's a very beautiful, a very unfortunate woman, and it's only by chance that we've stumbled upon these unhappy things in her past."

Oh, the fatal background to his words! He knew how false they were, spoken to Toppie, for all that there was of truth in them for himself. "Let's go home," he urged, "and not talk about it any more."

Toppie stood, her eyes fixed as if in careful scrutiny upon the distance. She had raised her hand, as he spoke, and pressed her fingers, bent, against her lips. "It's not that," she uttered with difficulty. "It's you." And now she moved away. "I'm going home from here. I would rather be alone, please."

The road led over the Common to Heathside; there was a short cut through the woods to the Rectory.

"But Toppie, I do implore you." Poor Giles with his rough head and great round eyes stood and pleaded. "What have I done? What have you against me?"

"It's everything, everything," Toppie murmured. "It's all I've felt this afternoon. I've stumbled from one hidden thing to another. It gives me dreadful thoughts. It's as if," she stopped again, her eyes still fixed on the distance, "as if there might be anything. She's changed you so much." And, her eyes coming to him at last, she spoke on, helpless in the urgency of her half-seen fear, "It's as if she might have changed Owen,—if he had ever come to know her as well as you have."

Suddenly, at this climax, Giles found himself prepared. "What if she had?" he demanded, and it was like riding, with a great thrust, to the top of the breaker that threatened to engulf them. "What if she had made him judge things more kindly? No doubt she would have changed him. He would have felt her beauty, too. But she wouldn't have changed him towards you, Toppie; any more than she has me."

Then Toppie drew back. Seeing suddenly where she stood, seeing her fear as a disloyalty, she drew away. She looked at Giles and he saw the door, as it were, mercifully or terribly close against him, and Toppie, demanding no further lies, shut herself away. "Perhaps you are right," she said slowly, and each word came with an effort, for they were, doubtless, the only false words Toppie had ever uttered. "Perhaps I am too ignorant of the world. I do not judge your friend. But if I knew her, I could not think her beautiful. I could not think a wicked woman beautiful. We must be different in that. I'll go home now. I'd rather be alone. Goodbye."

She moved away into the wood.

Giles, standing where she left him, had the sensation of feeling his heart break. "Toppie," he said in a choking voice.

She stopped and looked round at him. Her gray form among the birches was almost invisible, but he saw the thin oval of her face.

"Toppie—only this—" He could hardly speak. Only that stifling pressure in his heart seemed to break its way out into words. "I do so love you."

He saw that he touched her. If not his words, then his face of anguish. For the first time that day, if only for a moment, her thought was given to him alone, and he felt rather than saw pity in her eyes.

"Giles,—I'm so sorry," she murmured.

"I do so love you," he repeated, gazing at her. But, even as he gazed, the worst of the anguish was to know that something in his love was changed forever.

"Dear Giles," Toppie murmured again. "Forgive me." And again she repeated, and the phrase was like a fall of snow, "I'm so sorry."



The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns

Standardization

Pirandello's warning finds many an echo among our own people. Mrs. Truxton Beale comments on the dangers of standardization in a communication from which the following paragraphs may be appropriately quoted:

Are we in America with our genius for organization, our desire for big output, for business efficiency, allowing that end to carry us down to a dead level of uniformity? One sees the drift to standardize on all sides. Every woman knows that in dress there are prevailing styles in this country such as one is never conscious of in any other. If blue serge suits and white spats are put out by the makers, one sees swarms of penguin-like figures on the streets. Big scale production accounts for this and whether we long for something that might suit our individual figures better, we find it hard for a variety of causes to resist the prevailing mode. But we are sacrificing a great deal more than we are aware of.

In the education of our youth the same trend is evident. In a western state private schools have been abolished by law. All children must take the public school curriculum. Does this suit all? Does it not blight any tendency to originality? If a child has a special bent, ought he be made to conform himself rigidly to the standard education of the state? Should he be not free to select if he wishes the studies most suited to him, and which might be available in a private institution and not in a public school?

Many examples of the trend of various factors to stamp out all variety in our daily life might be cited. The effect of deadening monotony which the system of piece work is having on men in such great factories as Ford's. The fanatic desire of a minority to prescribe what all men shall or shall not drink because prohibition might save a few who are weak from over indulgence. This effort to invade private rights and to prescribe rules of uniform conduct in private life bring with it many greater, insidious, and far reaching checks to national improvement than the evil it attempts to correct.

To what then does this desire to standardize lead? The testimony of the ages past seems to say — to mediocrity. We should realize before it is too late that we are being unconsciously molded into rigidity and should struggle to preserve the wholesome variety which all of us truly crave and which is so necessary to real advancement. Do not these tendencies by extinguishing all individuality end in what the great thinkers of the last century feared, — a suppression of liberty of thought, and a check upon progress?

MARIE BEALE.

Washington, D. C.

Adopted by Rameses!

The Editor has received numerous communications recounting experiences of occult phenomena of various kinds. Some of these contain material which will be published from time to time. Below are excerpts from a letter of unique interest from a ma

whose contact with the spiritual world led to his adoption by an Egyptian monarch, long dead, in recognition of which honor he had his name legally altered in a western court:

EDITOR OF THE FORUM:

I will plunge into the heart of the subject by saying that I am an Irishman and was a Roman Catholic until I was adopted into the Rameses family on March 5th last, when I also changed my religious belief to that of the King. I did not like spiritualism, nor did I believe in it or seek to investigate it, until I was compelled by necessity. I believed that even if a Spirit world existed it was best to leave it alone and declined all invitations to investigate or attend seances. I was a Roman Catholic and thought I was right and let it go at that. My friends were Priests, my sister is a Nun.

However, I attended one seance at his time and spoke to my mother, father, grandfather, and grandmother and was surprised that each consistently displayed the little characteristics that distinguished them in life. I was glad they were just human, but I passed up several other opportunities of investigating Spiritualism.

About this time I was troubled with a light sore at the base of my tongue and this later was diagnosed by two local doctors as cancer of the tongue. I was treated for a year by local doctors but without cure and finally an operation was advised. I decided to go to Mayo Brothers, Surgeons, of Rochester, but before going attended a seance to ask my spirit mother if it was not just as well to stay here in Colorado Springs, as the doctors said the operation would not cure but simply arrest the progress of the cancer for a time and merely defer the fatal ending.

At this seance Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who is also my Spirit guide, came in accompanied by Dr. Mayo, father of the Mayo Brothers, and they told me after consultation with other spirit doctors that a cure might be effected without an operation if I would place myself under their care. I did so, and in three months the terrible pains at the base of my tongue passed away and in seven months I was entirely well, without operation. I attended seances for

these medical treatments twice weekly. The treatment was by massage of spirit hands and local application of an oil which they manufactured or produced from the atmosphere while I was present. I have many times placed a small empty bottle on the table in the seance room and watched it gradually fill up with the oil, with no person near it that I could see. As to the massage, I have again and again felt the hands of Dr. Rush, just as solid as my own, manipulate my throat and tongue. Frequently my spirit mother would hold my hand during the treatments, for I was nervous and upset by the continued pain in my tongue.

It never dawned on me to inquire, after this experience, if Spiritualism was real. But I had one more experience that further convinced me. I fell, while running to catch a street car, and when I was picked up, the doctor, who examined me, said I had broken my right arm and could not work for at least six weeks. I was then working as a printer on the Gazette and there was danger of losing my position if I laid up and I was very much worried. After the doctor had set the arm I went to a seance and asked the spirit doctors, and particularly Dr. Rush, to help me. They said that if I would observe certain conditions they would try and do something unusual. As a result, I went to work two nights afterwards with my arm still in a sling. When work started I was able to move my fingers stiffly and used my broken arm to set type on advertisement composition on a morning newspaper and continued to do so until it was completely healed, a month later. The doctor, who set the arm, saw me at work and examined the arm and seemed to think it impossible, until I picked up type with my fingers in his presence.

When I became interested, I was very fortunate in meeting Dr. A. J. Kiser, of Colorado Springs, a Spiritualist of thirty years experience, who was then working with the higher guides on the spirit side of life, in a great educational movement for the instruction of newly arrived spirits, that they might be able to progress to the higher planes instead of congesting the first and second planes as at present. This educational movement is intended to give to immigrants arriving on the shores of the spirit land a knowledge of

higher conditions so that they may impress that knowledge upon their friends on this material plane and teach them the necessity of right living and also to become familiar with the conditions they must face on their arrival in the spirit land. . . .

I have now been engaged in this work for five years with Dr. Kiser, and we have been fortunate enough to meet and speak with teachers such as Socrates, Confucius, Apollo, Adonis, Joan of Arc, Christopher Columbus, Rameses I, Queen Tuaa, Sethos I, Rameses II, Menepthah I, Queen Esther of the Bible, George Washington, John Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Robert Ingersoll, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Nettie Colburn (the medium who sat with President Lincoln in the White House), and a number of others including Woodrow Wilson. . . .

The King Rameses II frequently visited the educational seances which are held three to four times weekly, and I read Egyptian history in order to become familiar with his life. I was attracted to him and to his people by the greatness of their work and their kindly ways. As I read history and found photographs of the Rameses family, I had these enlarged for my rooms. In this way I have photographs of his father Sethos I, his mother Queen Tuaa, his Grandfather Rameses I,

his son Menepthah I, and himself, and some of his principal works. The Queen, his mother, came into the seances about this time, then his father and grandfather and on one occasion all four kings made a sketch of the flag of the Rameses family which I still have.

About six months ago the King told me that the family had decided to adopt me and that papers of adoption had been signed and sealed in the spirit. I then took steps on this material plane to have the transaction completed and this resulted in the court decision of March 5th, 1901, whereby I became Patrick Francis Rameses. There is nothing mysterious about the transaction. I loved the Rameses family and they loved me in return. There is no reincarnation and no royal blood on my side. I am an Irish peasant and was a Roman Catholic. I have also adopted their religion, which as they preceded Christ by 1400 years, is not Christianity. They worshipped one God, the maker of all things, without beginning and without end, the Father of all life, the rewarder of the good and the punisher of the wicked. Their religion is based on Love, Justice and Truth. I am also a Spiritualist. Spiritualism is not a religion. It is a belief in the survival of human personality after bodily death.

PATRICK FRANCIS RAMESES.
Colorado Springs.



Shall We Curb the Supreme Court?

A SYMPOSIUM

Summarizing or quoting many divergent opinions on this subject which was debated by Jackson H. Ralston and Senator George Wharton Pepper in the May issue of THE FORUM

The Supreme Court, the topmost pinnacle of our judicial system, has been bitterly assailed ever since it declared the Child Labor Laws unconstitutional. Perhaps no decision of the Court since the Dred Scott case has evoked such a torrent of criticism. "Usurpation of power," "domination of monied interests," these and even more extreme charges have been levelled against the highest court of our land. Influential senators balked in their attempt to secure so-called social legislation, have introduced various bills for the purpose of curbing the power of the Supreme Court to declare federal legislation void. It is proposed that the Court require the concurrence of six or seven justices instead of a bare majority of five, in order to nullify a federal law. An even more drastic attempt has been made, by means of a proposed amendment to the Constitution, to completely divest the Court of its power to pass upon the constitutionality of federal enactments.

In the meanwhile the friends of the Supreme Court have not hesitated to rush to the defense of this much-debated power of the Court. It is urged that the proposed legislation would make Congress supreme, thereby endangering States' rights; that no citizen would thereafter be secure in the rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution; that our historic system of checks and balances would be destroyed.

The protagonists of the Supreme Court far outnumber those who would curb it, judging from the correspondence received by the Editor in THE FORUM's symposium. For every communication upholding the position so ably stated by Jackson H. Ralston, there are a score which fervently support Senator Pepper in his defense of the Supreme Court. There are in addition those who take an intermediate position between the two extreme points of view.

The eminent political economist, Professor Henry R. Seager of Columbia University, writes the following cogent letter

advocating the reform of the Supreme Court:

"In its exercise of the power to declare protective labor laws unconstitutional the Supreme Court has usually relied on the due process clause of the Constitution. Over and over again the Court has declared in recognition of the vague and general character of this provision, that unless the evidence is convincing 'beyond any reasonable doubt,' that Congress or a State legislature has exceeded its powers in enacting the statute before it, the doubt should be resolved in favor of the constitutionality of the law. In the light of this principle, five to four decisions holding labor laws unconstitutional condemn themselves. No fair-minded layman will believe that four justices of the Supreme Court would uphold the right of Congress or a legislature to enact a statute unless there were strong grounds for deeming this within its constitutional powers. Under these circumstances the proposal that for the present plan of permitting such legislative acts to be declared unconstitutional by a bare majority vote, there be substituted the plan of requiring a two-thirds majority to set aside the will of the legislature, seems to me not only conservative but calculated to restore the damaged prestige of the Supreme Court. Undoubtedly the best way to bring about this result would be for the Supreme Court itself to adopt a rule to this effect. But if the Court prove unwilling to modify its procedure in this regard, then I should advocate a constitutional amendment which would, on the one hand, make clear the right of the Supreme Court to hold legislative acts unconstitutional and, on the other, provide that in the exercise of this right the Court should be limited by the requirement of a two-thirds rather than a bare majority vote."

MAKE CONGRESS SUPREME

The abolition of the supremacy of the Supreme Court is urged by Mr. Albert

De Silver, an attorney of New York, and Associate Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, who believes that the proposal that more than a majority of the Court concur before a statute will be held unconstitutional, "would only result in care being taken to avoid the appointment to the Court of anybody of the turn of mind of Holmes and Brandeis." Mr. De Silver frankly admits his preference for a supreme Congress, rather than the continuance of our system of checks and balances, and hails the proposed reform of the Court as a useful step principally because it is in the direction of the English governmental system.

Professor Charles Grove Haines of the School of Law of the University of Texas in a dispassionate letter states that in his judgment, "it would be better for the Supreme Court to limit its own use of the power of review of Acts of Congress and of the State legislatures, as has been done in Canada, in Australia, and in many other countries, and for the justices to cease reading their own economic, social, and legal philosophies into the general phrases of our written constitutions. But, if, through the pressure of public opinion, justices will not limit their own powers, it seems inevitable that some more ready method than the cumbersome system of amendment must be devised to change the Federal Constitution; for there is a wide-spread conviction, and one that is growing in importance and intensity, to the effect that the policies of a nation whether political, economic, or social should rest ultimately on popular sanction. Few, indeed, would advocate taking from the Supreme Court the authority to pass on the laws of the States when such laws are in conflict with the specific terms of the Federal Constitution, laws or treaties passed thereunder. But when the Acts of Congress are invalidated by the Supreme Court, Congress ought to be given, by constitutional amendment, the right to reenact the measure thus invalidated by a two-thirds vote of each House after a general election has transpired, if the measure in any way restricts or changes materially the powers of the States; and by a majority vote of each House after a general election, if the act is one relating primarily to the powers granted by the Constitution to the Fed-

eral government. The practice of condemning well formulated policies in the realm of social and economic legislation, and of rendering it impossible to enact these policies into law except through a constitutional amendment approved by two-thirds of Congress and adopted by thirty-six State legislatures, over a long period of years, seems so difficult and inflexible as to be practically indefensible under present conditions."

While believing that the orderly administration of justice requires the existence of the power to determine constitutional limitations, on the part of the Supreme Court, Mr. Seth W. Richardson, United States Attorney for the District of North Dakota favors the concurrence of at least seven judges to hold an act of Congress unconstitutional. Mr. Richardson takes the position that "no court can have either the weight, dignity, or respect which it should have, when conditions exist which might tend to destroy the confidence of the average citizen in the court and its decisions. To have the Court announce that an act is to be held constitutional unless its constitutionality appears beyond a reasonable doubt, and then to present the spectacle of invalidating an act with four dissenting judges holding that the law is entirely constitutionally valid, is to raise in the minds of the people at large, feelings quite opposed to an increase of respect or confidence, or, indeed, loyal acceptance of the Court's decisions. On the other hand, the decision of seven judges, with only two opposed, would, I think, most strongly tend to allay public suspicion and dissatisfaction, a result which would, to an equal extent, increase the prestige and influence of the Court." This view seems to be shared by Mr. Alfred Bettman, an attorney and former City Solicitor of Cincinnati; Miss Eleanor Wyllys Allen of Boston; and Captain William J. Maxwell, (retired), United States Navy.

"What would be said of an umpire who did not know his own mind any better than the Supreme Court does in a five to four decision?" asks Professor Hector G. Spaulding of the School of Law of George Washington University, who nevertheless agrees with Senator Pepper as to the necessity for an umpire. "The opinion of the legislature as to what legislation is

needed is entitled to a presumption of validity, and in theory receives it. The dissent of four judges out of five proves conclusively that the legislation is not so clearly bad as to overcome the presumption of validity. To give to one man, an old man perhaps, the power to overrule the popular will expressed through its legislature, as to what the law should do to care for and protect health and general welfare, is to give disproportionate weight to an idea of the purpose of law and a picture of the social order which may be very far from that to which the country as a whole has advanced."

Judge Stephen H. Allen of Topeka, Kansas, author of *The Evolution of Governments and Laws*, takes substantially the same position in the following forceful statement: "A decision by the Supreme Court, that an act of Congress is unconstitutional, not only nullifies the law but stultifies the Congress. If Congress has by the nullified act expressed the will of the people, the Supreme Court discredits itself in the eyes of the people by its decision."

THE MIDDLE GROUND

The middle ground is taken by Mr. Paul H. Bruns, an attorney of Los Angeles. While advocating the concurrence of six or seven judges in matters affecting Federal legislation, Mr. Bruns warns against "any too drastic measure which might easily react to make the Supreme Court a figurehead or infringe unreasonably upon its dignity or power over legal interpretation, which at times have been saving graces to our form of government."

Professor J. Q. Dealey of the Department of Social and Political Science at Brown University would perpetuate the present powers of the Court, though favoring the appointment by the President of younger men who might bring to the Bench progressive social interpretations of the Constitution, a view also held by Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, diplomat of Woodstock, Conn. The same position is vigorously stated by Mr. Thorsten Kali-jarvi of the University of New Hampshire, who counsels that "The thing to do is not to shift the power, but to pay careful attention at each new appointment that a vigorous and progressive judge is se-

lected, and not one steeped in economic and social philosophies of a generation ago."

The intermediate ground is also chosen by Dean Albert H. Putney, Professor of Constitutional Law at the School of Diplomacy and Jurisprudence of the American University, to whom it does not seem advisable "to permit five justices of the Supreme Court to prevail over four justices, a majority of both Houses of Congress, and the President of the United States (or in the case where a bill was passed over the veto of the President, over two-thirds of each House of Congress). The reasonable solution would appear to be to continue the power to declare Acts of Congress unconstitutional in the Supreme Court, but to require the vote of seven out of the nine justices for the exercise of this power."

FOR THE DEFENSE

Mr. William H. Lamar, former Assistant Attorney General and Solicitor of the Post Office Department, strikes the keynote of those who oppose the present movement to divest the Supreme Court of some of its powers, in the following statement:

"Shall We Curb the Supreme Court?" What a question! Yet it seems to be receiving serious consideration. Were the framers of our Constitution unwise in establishing three separate and distinct co-ordinate branches of Government, — legislative, executive, and judicial? This now seems to be seriously questioned.

"Five to four decisions by the Supreme Court are unfortunate. This is especially so in view of the fact that such decisions necessarily encourage public discussion as to the merits and motives of the several justices, thus exposing the human frailties of those who constitute our highest Court and whose views of the law we should reverence. It is a defect, however, which only the Court itself can remedy, if indeed it can be remedied at all. The most depressing feature of the matter, however, is that the battling waves of pure democracy now sweeping the country, seem often to cause or at least bear a close relation to the divided opinions of that high tribunal.

"God help our system of government when the veto power is placed in the

hands of Congress or even in the hands of a minority of the Court which will cause it to function in harmony with the election returns."

That there have been only nine five-to-four decisions of the Supreme Court in passing upon the constitutionality of statutes in the course of a hundred and thirty five years, is pointed out by Professor Charles E. Hill of George Washington University, who sees no adequate reason for curbing the power of the Court. Professor Arnold J. Lien of the University of Colorado, Mr. A. Barr Comstock of Boston, Judge Alden Chester of Albany, N. Y., and numerous other correspondents take the same position.

The Constitution would be imperilled by the proposed attempts to curb the Supreme Court, says Mr. Moorfield Storey, former President of the American Bar Association, of Boston. "Our Constitution limits the powers of the legislative and of the executive and if each were left to define for itself what the limitations are, the Constitution would cease to operate.

"A rule that eight judges concurring could not hold an act unconstitutional is equivalent to a rule that two judges could hold it constitutional, and presently some President anxious to carry through some unconstitutional scheme, would appoint two judges with the understanding that they would dissent, and by their refusal to agree establish an unconstitutional law. Any change in the Constitution which would make this possible is too dangerous to contemplate."

Governor Percival P. Baxter of Maine believes it necessary to maintain a check on Congress, through the review of enactments by the Supreme Court, lest constitutional guarantees be threatened. "The Court," he maintains, "acts impartially and deliberately; Congress may be moved by sudden impulse. The people have less to fear from the former than the latter. With the Supreme Court shorn of its present power, the question may well be asked: Why have any Constitution at all?" Governor C. C. Moore of Idaho expresses almost the same view.

"If we are going to scrap the principle of a majority rule let us begin on Congress and not on the Supreme Court," urges Governor J. G. Scrugham of Nevada, who

suggests that Congress accept a compensating restraint through the passage of acts only by a two-thirds or a nine-tenths vote, if it is to be unhampered by the decisions of the Supreme Court. Similar criticism of Congress comes from Mr. George B. Eager, Jr., of the Department of Law of the University of Virginia, who attributes "current disrespect for law" to "the constant grist of statutes, unsound, burdensome, confiscatory, tyrannous, extravagant, sumptuary."

President Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago is among those heartily opposed to encroachment on the powers of the Supreme Court. In an emphatic statement, he says:

"The only bulwark of the Constitution of the rights of minorities, of the rights of the States, is the Supreme Court. If Congress could in some way get that out of the way, the course would be clear. 'What's the Constitution between friends?' Every attempt to override the Supreme Court, to limit its power over the constitutionality of Acts of Congress, to recall or in other ways to control its members or its decisions, is an attempt still further to increase the powers of Congress. The power of Congress should be lessened, and not increased."

Mr. John Brooks Leavitt, an attorney of New York, and a contributor to THE FORUM three decades ago, quotes the adage: "Rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Among the numerous correspondents who seem to share this opinion are many prominent attorneys, including Mr. Chase S. Osborn, ex-Governor of Michigan; Mr. Amos J. Peaslee, of New York; Mr. Adelbert Moot of Buffalo; Mr. Delbert J. Haff of Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Walter George Smith of Philadelphia; Mr. C. B. Conyers of Brunswick, Ga.; Mr. Philip G. Clifford of Portland, Maine; Mr. Henry W. Anderson of Richmond, Va.; Mr. Alfred T. Carton of Chicago; Mr. William Velpeau Rooker of Indianapolis; Congressman Harry B. Hawes of Missouri; Mr. A. W. W. Woodcock, United States Attorney of the District of Maryland; Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury of New York; Mr. H. T. Newcomb of New York; Mr. Robert Hale, of Portland, Me.; Judge J. C. Ruppenthal of Russell, Kansas; Mr. Edward C. Eliot of St. Louis

Mr. Homer Elliott, United States Attorney of the District of Indiana; Mr. W. O. Hart of New Orleans; Mr. Frank L. Polk of New York; Mr. William J. Gray of Detroit; Mr. Charles M. Morris, United States Attorney of the District of Utah; Mr. Henry E. Smith of Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Laurence Arnold Tanzer of New York; Mr. John L. Harvey of Waltham, Mass.; Mr. Frederick Milverton of Washington, D. C.; Mr. W. F. Bruell of Redfield, South Dakota; Mr. Thomas P. Revelle, United States Attorney of the Western District of Washington; Mr. Frank Leveroni of Boston; Mr. Malcolm A. Coles of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Henry E. Gregory of New York; Mr. Frank Lee, U. S. Attorney of the Eastern District of Oklahoma; Mr. Francis V. Keesling of San Francisco; Mr. E. G. Davis, U. S. Attorney of the District of Idaho; Mr. Thomas H. Franklin of San Antonio, Texas; Mr. John H. Fry of Denver; Mr. Paul Fuller, Jr., of New York; Mr. Barrett Potter of Brunswick, Me.; Mr. Frederic R. Coudert of New York; Mr. James M. Sheridan of Washington, D. C.; Mr. William B. Kegley of Wytheville, Va.; Mr. Henry C. Niles of York, Pa.; Mr. Clarence A. Lightner of Detroit; Mr. Charles Henry Carey of Portland, Ore.; Mr. Soterios Nicholson of Washington, D. C.; Mr. George Welwood Murray of New York; Mr. Charles Strauss of New York; Mr. Al. F. Williams, U. S. Attorney of the District of Kansas.

That the Supreme Court has clearly the right to declare laws unconstitutional, is the view of Professor S. Gale Lowrie of the Department of Political Science of the University of Cincinnati. Whether or not the power is "usurped," it has been invoked since the memorable decision of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison* in 1803.

Professor James W. Garner of the Department of Political Science of the University of Illinois fears the destruction of the system of government outlined in the Constitution, if the Supreme Court is curbed. This, in effect, also expresses the viewpoint of Rear-Admiral James H. Oliver (retired), United States Navy; Mr. R. L. Bridgman, correspondent, Boston; Mr. Bernard C. Steiner, Librarian of Baltimore, Md.; and Mr. Stanislas

De Ridder, Belgian Consul, of Louisville, Ky.

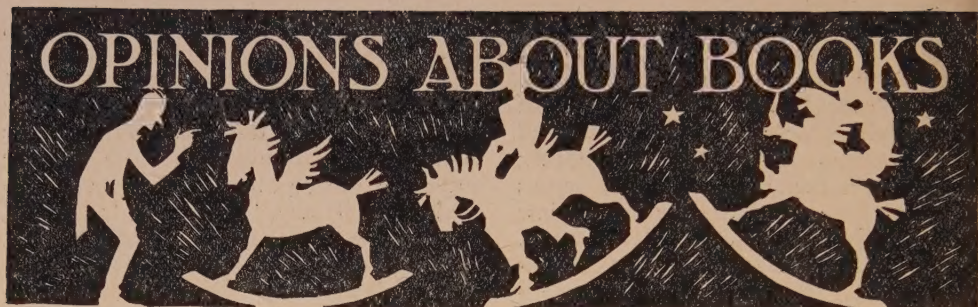
"The advocates of the change might be the first to need protection, and may do well to recall the tradition that the man who introduced the use of the guillotine during the French Revolution died under its axe," cautions Mr. Robert M. Hughes, attorney, of Norfolk, Va., who regards the Supreme Court as a bulwark of liberty. Mr. George A. King, an attorney of Washington, D. C., concludes a scholarly review of decisions by the Supreme Court which nullified legislation interfering with personal rights, with the following: "With our highest Court thus watchful to protect the constitutional liberty of our citizens, a proposition to strike down its authority by denying or even limiting its power to declare statutes unconstitutional can only be regarded as a deadly blow at liberty."

Judge Charles B. Howry (retired) of the United States Court of Claims, Washington, D. C. suggests that the proposed checks on the Supreme Court would unwarrantably increase the power of the minority. He asks pointedly: "Ought vast interests to be settled by a dissenter? Ought a minority of one-third or one-fourth to veto the conclusions of the majority? The scheme is illogical and the question should answer itself. . . . It is human sometimes to bend to the storm of public opinion. The strength of the Court is in its refusal to yield too much to it and simply discharge its duty." The same point is made by Mr. Charles McCamic, an attorney of Wheeling, W. Va.

The President of the American Bar Association, Mr. R. E. L. Saner of Dallas, Texas, summarizes the point of view of those who resent the present attempts to curb the Supreme Court:

"The sheet anchor of our faith in the perpetuity of our government rests in the maintenance of such proper checks and balances as originally outlined by the fathers in the Constitution. If the Constitution should be amended to give Congress the right to veto, then I believe a revolution in our government as originally planned will have taken place, and that we will live under a despotism of the legislative department without constitutional guaranty of safeguard."

OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read.

A New El Dorado

Another Swedish economist, Dr. Helmer Key, Editor of "Svenska Dagbladet" appears with a new remedy for the economic distress of Europe. In his recent book *EUROPEAN BANKRUPTCY AND EMIGRATION*, (Methuen, London, 6/—), Dr. Key draws a parallel between the long-drawn debate over reparations and the mediaeval argument about the color of a certain Pope's beard. The Pope, as a matter of fact, had no beard. The old balance of trade is gone, gone for ever, and Europe finds herself, like England after the Napoleonic wars, faced with over-population and unemployment.

The purport of Dr. Key's fascinating book is to indicate for the twentieth century a new exploitation of the still undeveloped regions of the world that will relieve over-population and open up new trade routes on vast scales. He paints an alluring picture of the potentialities of Central and South America "beyond the dreams of a Cortez or a Pizarro." If his facts be true, there is in the hinterland of Peru a rich valley land of mild climate, capable of sustaining a large population, with ready access to the Pacific on the west; and to the east, down the Amazon

River, to Europe. Here are new sources of cotton supply, new markets for world industry. On the eastern, not the western shores of the Pacific is situated Dr. Key's economic centre of the future. Nor does he ignore the Orientals, or push them out of his plan. The race for colonies shall be to the swift, and Siberia and Australia may have to open their doors more hospitably.

And what part in the salvation of Europe is the United States to play? We do not need colonies, but we need markets for our capital and our over-supply of gold. Our privilege is to furnish the capital in this program, — Europe the men. Like the Dawes Committee, Dr. Key has omitted the social and political factor from his scheme. He has drafted his program with the ruthless pen of an economist. We have too little public knowledge of the facts regarding South America to pass judgment on his wisdom. The weakness of his plan is its vastness, — thinking in terms of continents rather than countries, and races rather than nations.

H. G. L.

A Musical Retrospect

Opinions may differ as to whether or not Doctor Johnson was correct in his

view that every man's life may best be written by himself, but certain it is that Walter Damrosch has most creditably accomplished such task. (*MY MUSICAL LIFE*, Scribner's, \$4.00.) At the outset, let it be said that praise is particularly due him for avoiding the pitfall of egotism. That Mr. Damrosch has had a most remarkable life and has achieved greatness in his profession is apparent not from his characterizing his accomplishments as such, but from a simple and unassuming narrative of events.

He was born in Breslau, Silesia, Germany, in 1862, the son of Doctor Leopold Damrosch, the renowned conductor and violinist, the friend of such great musical personages of the time as Franz Liszt, Richard Wagner, Hans von Bülow, Clara Schumann, Karl Taussig, Joseph Joachim, Anton Rubinstein, and others who usually stayed at his house when they came to Breslau to take part in the subscription orchestral concerts there founded by Doctor Damrosch, who acted as the conductor. Thus, in a way, was the son Walter born great, from the musical standpoint.

With that genuine charm familiar to those who have heard him lecture, Mr. Damrosch tells of his early musical studies under the stern but kindly supervision of his father, of the various incidents crowded into an unusual childhood, of the coming of the family to America in 1871, and the struggles and triumphs of the elder Damrosch here as violinist, pedagogue, and conductor of singing society, orchestra, oratorio, and opera. At the age of twenty-three he found himself compelled, owing to the sudden death of his father, to undertake a tour at the head of a German opera company of one hundred and fifty persons to Chicago, and from there to Boston. The same year he became conductor of the orchestra of the Symphony Society of New York which position he holds to this day.

Among other subjects treated are the epoch-making European tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra and the importance of women in musical affairs, while such persons as Wilhelmj, Carreno, Liszt (a tender vignette), Wagner, von Bülow, Taussig, Joachim, Lilli Lehmann, Andrew Carnegie, James G. Blaine, Nellie Melba, the de Reszke Brothers, David Bispham, Lillian Nordica, Fritz Kreisler, Eugene Ysaye, Tschaikovsky,

Saint-Saens, and many others with whom Mr. Damrosch came into personal contact, are graphically depicted.

This book will fascinate music lovers, and will not fail to interest all persons. It is highly readable.

F. CAMPBELL JEFFERY.

New York City.

About Playmaking

For those who have followed Professor Brander Matthews' long and substantial literary career, his latest volume (*PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYMAKING*, Scribners, \$2.00) contains little that is actually novel, but much that is not staled by custom. The contents have been garnered from separately published papers, ranging in date from 1919 to 1921, and dealing with the stage in its various ramifications, its writers, its actors, its audiences, and its critics.

In its suggestion of technicalities, the title is misleading. The articles of which the volume is composed, though they may inform the specialist, will delight the desultory scanner of pages, to whom Professor Matthews, beyond the majority of his contemporaries, is master of the art of rendering instruction pleasurable. In the preface, the author deprecates his "septuagenarian vanity," but as the pages are turned, one is impressed by the absence of anything septuagenarian in their versatility and vigor,—a vigor just perceptibly tinged by that indolence which Newman declares becomes a gentleman. Professor Matthews' scholarship is tempered, never blunted, by his broad humanity. Like many of its predecessors, this "sheaf of essays" is marked by a modest simplicity which charms and disarms, a lucid logic which penetrates gracefully but unmercifully, an aptness of allusion and example which represents the fruit of careful research, and an apparent effortlessness of presentation which must always be the despair of the merely erudite. At every turn the author takes pains to put his reader at his ease. Whether he is mildly controversial, as in "Did Shakespere Write Plays to Fit his Actors?"; or unflinchingly analytic, as in "Tragedies with Happy Endngs"; or skillfully anecdotal, as in "Stage Humor"; or genially dogmatic, as in "Undramatic

Criticism";—he is always urbane. His judgments are well considered, his pronouncements authoritative, yet never, even by a shade, too positive.

Playwrights on Playmaking is the mellow product of one who has known the theatre for a lifetime.

CLINTON MINDIL.

New York City.

The Friar in Fiction

The reader who enjoys quaint corners of old-world cities and the quaint lore of books will delight in *THE FRIAR IN FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS* (Brentano's, \$2.50), by Joseph Spencer Kennard. But the author gives more than mere lore; he accomplishes a happy union between knowledge and appreciation. It may be objected, perhaps, that at times he does not give enough information for the ignorant and that at other times he gives far too much for the well-informed,—the reader finds a variable character forced upon him. It may be objected, too, that the first chapter, on English friars, makes a weak start, with a very superficial handling of Chaucer's vivid characters and immoderate praise of Charles Reade; but other chapters, particularly the one on the Frère Jean des Entommeures of Rabelais and that on the Friars of Dante, are masterpieces of delineation and interpretation.

The "Other Essays," which make up more than half the book, are what Dr. Kennard in his preface calls "samples" from "a quantity of literary baggage." Well-assorted samples they are for the most part, and sufficiently in keeping with the Friar essays; though the rather elementary and academic chapter on "Unity in Art" is addressed to a different audience from that addressed in the powerful and discerning essay on "The Fallen God." Perhaps the best piece of writing in the whole volume is the brief concluding paper on Avignon, a little idyll of the "quaint old town of sunshine and shadow, of joy and sadness,"—"court of the popes and home of Laura."

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Milton, Mass.

Told by an Idiot

A gusty novel, fitful, biting with the momentary compulsion and frosty nip of a March gale is *TOLD BY AN IDIOT* (Boni & Liveright, \$2.00). The stinging mockery of it! It circles into sudden eddies of excitement scurrying up the dust of passion below, above stirring the ether of idealism. It skims along lightly playing pranks, uprooting,—or trying to uproot,—traditions, nosing out fallacies, loosening prejudices hitherto tightly tacked. It fills our lungs whether we will or no, leaving us breathless, tingling.

Yes, a gusty book of talk-talk-talk, its initial verve and irony astonishingly sustained. It is all delightfully exaggerative, racy talk, two-edged persiflage,—farcical and serious,—full of sharp aphorisms, cool commentaries, and some sophistry, some intellectual caterwauling.

This unsettling "spectacle of human absurdity" is really plotless, but then Rose Macaulay is at the pen. Occasionally she does shoot in something villainously melodramatic, perhaps a casual murder. We can imagine the sardonic smile of this good-natured skeptic: "Well, here's a hair curler for fair measure,—to offset the talk!"

She is bewildering; she carries us off to the Victorian era to rush us through fin-de-siècle, the Edwardian period down to present Georgian days. By means of one confusingly large, intensely individualistic English family she ticks off the spiritual adventure, beauty, frivolity, sacrifice, squalor, intelligence, greed, vigor of these times. She would prove that all times are transitional. So why single out certain decades to label them with exclusive characteristics! And youth today is no newer, no more "deliriously modern" than was the youth of yesterday.

Her postscript to Shakespeare's much quoted passage featuring the idiot's tale is that although life may be a silly story told by an idiot it's "an idiot with gleams of genius and of fineness." Rose Macaulay finds life merely an old story many times repeated—"vieux jeu."

ELEANOR TAYLOR HOUGHTON.

Pasadena, Calif.